

## J. M. HIGH &amp; CO.

We are preparing for our Semi-Annual Inventory on August 1st, and this week the trading public will have unusual advantages for bargain purchasing, for the odds and ends and broken lots not to be included in our stock taking.

**Foulard Silks.**  
A lot of Printed Foulard Silks, were 75c, now to close at, per yard..... **39c**

**Woolen Remnants**  
In all styles of Black and Colored Dress Goods, skirt and dress lengths, to be closed at about **HALF VALUE**

**Dress Lining.**  
Skirt Lining of best quality Kid Cambric now..... **2½c**  
Good 12½c grade of Silica now at..... **7c**

**Notions.**  
Whalebones, dozen in bunch, per bunch..... **5c**  
Stockinet Dress Shields, per pair..... **9c**  
Whalebone Casing, per yard..... **3c**  
Solid back, real bristle Hair Brushes, only..... **15c**  
Real ivory and genuine bristle Tooth Brushes, only..... **9c**  
Patent Dress Hooks and Eyes, per card..... **1c**

**Belts.**  
A lot of Ladies' Leather Belts, worth 50c, 75c and \$1; to close now choice, each..... **25c**

**Toilet Soap.**  
Odd lots of fine Toilet Soap, worth 10c and 12½c cake, now, per cake..... **5c**

**Handkerchiefs.**  
A lot of Ladies' Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 20c each, to close out now at..... **7c**

**Hosiery.**  
Ladies' and Gents' fine black Hose and Half Hose, double sole and high-spliced heel, worth 25c pair, now..... **23c**  
A lot of Ladies' fast black Hose, double sole, heel and toe, worth regular 25c, now, per pair..... **16½c**

**Gents' Neckwear.**  
A lot of Gents' China Silk Band Bows, worth 25c, to close quick, each..... **5c**

**Gents' Underwear.**  
Gents' Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, a lot of 50c values, at..... **25c**  
Gents' Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, worth 75c a garment, to go at..... **39c**

**Towels.**  
A lot of extra large size Huck Towels, worth easily 15c each, now..... **10c**

**Table Linens.**  
Full Bleached Table Damask, regular 75c kind, now at, per yard..... **50c**  
Fine double Satin Bleached Table Damask, worth \$1.15, at, per yard..... **75c**

**Table Cloths.**  
Red bordered fringed Table Cloths, 8x10 size, worth \$2.25, at, each..... **\$1.39**

**White Suits.**  
100 Marseilles pattern White Quilts, already hemmed, cheap at \$1.75, selling now at, each..... **\$1.00**

**Chenille Covers.**  
Fringed Chenille Table Covers, 6-4 size, worth \$1.00, now at only..... **49c**

**Percalines.**  
A lot of 36-inch English Percalines, always sold at 12½c, here now, per yard..... **10c**

**Wash Goods.**  
Fine French Printed Organ-dies, worth 30c, at..... **29c**  
Imported Figured Lappets, worth 50c, at..... **15c**  
Linen Skirt Crash, pure linen, at..... **15c**

**Printed Dimities.** were 20c, now..... **19c**  
**Printed Dimities.** were 15c, now..... **8½c**  
**Printed Lawns and Dimities.** were 12½c, now..... **7½c**

A lot of Remnants and Dress Lengths all styles Wash Goods, **HALF PRICE.**

**Shoes.**  
Ladies' Oxfords, in Dongola, Tan and Chocolate Kid, worth \$1.50 and \$1.75, now..... **98c**  
Ladies' Oxfords, Dongola and Tan, were \$1.25 and \$1.50, now..... **89c**  
Misses' Strap Sandals, Dongola, Tan and Oxblood, worth \$1.25, at..... **89c**  
Misses' Strap Sandals, were \$1 and \$1.15, now..... **75c**  
Men's Calf Bals, worth \$3.50, at..... **\$1.98**  
Men's Vic Kid Bals, worth \$5, at..... **\$3.45**

**LAMPS REDUCED 33⅓%.**  
**CUT GLASS REDUCED 25%.**  
All our Housefurnishing at actual New York cost.

**FORREST HIGH,**  
High's Basement.

**J. M. HIGH & CO.**

Great  
Removal Sale

OF  
Exquisite Hats,  
Feathers and Millinery  
BELOW New York Cost!

I must have room for my fall stock, so have decided to close out my present stock BELOW COST. Beautiful and bewitching Summer Hats, elegantly trimmed, at your own price. Feathers and Flowers almost given away.

Miss Mary Ryan,  
57 Whitehall St.



—ONE BIG NIGHT—  
THE SPANISH  
BIG NOVELTY MONDAY, JULY 26.  
—Last appearance here—

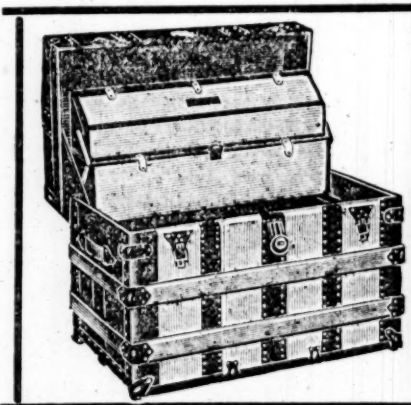
**BLACK PATTI**  
The Most Renowned Singer Living!  
So Proclaimed by the Press and Public of New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Paul, Etc.

—THE HIT OF THE SEASON—  
The most Beloved, Amusing and Fascinating Stage Entertainment of Modern Times.  
Seats now selling, no increase in price.  
Seats on sale at Phillips & Crew's music store.

**24 HOURS**  
ATLANTA  
TO CHICAGO

PULLMAN VESTIBULE  
SLEEPING AND DINING CARS VIA  
EVANSVILLE & TERRE HAUTE R. R.  
(EVANSVILLE ROUTE)  
THE SHORTEST  
LINE TO THE  
CITIES OF THE  
NORTH AND  
NORTHWEST  
For detailed information, call on City or Depot Ticket Agent of the Western & Atlantic R. R., or address  
J. E. HILLMAN, Gen. Southern Agent,  
S. L. ROGERS, Trav. Passenger Agent,  
ATLANTA, GA.

THE INK USED ON THIS PAPER  
IS FROM THE  
Standard Printing Ink Co.,  
No. 20 W. Canal St., CINCINNATI, O  
Established in 1857.



REMEMBER—Half our price means one-third the market price.

We also have a fresh supply of new styles in Trunks, Dress Suit Cases and Traveling Bags, which we guarantee to sell at one-fourth less than the same styles and quality goods can be bought in any store in Atlanta.

In order to appreciate this inform yourself as to the style and quality you want, then call at No. 77 Whitehall Street, and save at least 25c on every dollar. Any dealer who handles our goods can do the same for you.

Ten years ago when we discontinued making the so called AUTOMATIC TRUNK we had a stock of fixtures on hand. Now, in order to use the same up we will make any trunk you can buy of this style without extra cost, which means one-fourth less than you can buy the same elsewhere. While these fixtures are of no value to us, we do not think enough of this style trunk to use them up and would not do so except to order.

Buy the Roller Tray.

EXTRA COMFORT,  
NO EXTRA COST.  
For what you want for travelers use go to the

The Roller Tray Trunk and Bag Factory,  
77 WHITEHALL STREET.

H. W. Rountree & Bro. Trunk and Bag Co.  
Sun Tues Thur

**LUMBER** DON'T BUY TILL YOU GET OUR PRICES **LUMBER**  
SOUTH GEORGIA LUMBERCO. 26 W. Hunter St Phone 523

A WEEK'S  
OFFERINGS!

Beginning Monday morning we will offer another large lot of Men's Suits at \$5.00. This last lot includes Pin Checks, Wood Brown, Plaids of several kinds and a number of other colors.

The line we want to call your special attention to is our \$7.50 line. Such an assortment of styles, colors, etc. were never before attempted. The workmanship is beyond reproach. A look at these goods can do nothing but good.

Furnishings, Hats, Shoes, etc., always a full line. The most complete line of Shirts ever shown. We make a special effort in these Departments and our styles always newer, our prices always lower and our qualities always better than elsewhere.

THE GLOBE  
Shoe & Clothing Co.,  
89 WHITEHALL ST.

RHODY & CO.  
BABY CARRIAGES  
The handsomest line in the south. The celebrated ball-bearing "GENDRON." All next week special cut in price on every carriage CASH OR ON TIME. 3 AND 5 NORTH BROAD STREET.

A Few  
Odd Styles and Sizes  
Trunks, Travelling Bags and Suit Cases  
Which we will continue to offer at Half Price until sold.  
WARRANTED AS ADVERTISED.  
YOUR MONEY BACK IF WANTED.

## GOODS MUST GO!

Our Mr. B. F. Joel leaves this week for Eastern markets, and we must rid ourselves of every piece of summer goods to make room for stock which he will purchase. This entire week you can buy anything under the roof of

**BASS DRY** 37 Whitehall St.  
**GOODS CO**  
AT ACTUAL  
Cost Price

AND MANY THINGS AT HALF COST!

READ A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS TO BE HAD!

500 Pieces high-grade Wash Goods in all the new effects, worth 25c; but on Monday from.....

9 TO 11 O'CLOCK

**5 Cents Per Yard**

MONDAY, FROM 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK.

1,000 bolts fine Valenciennes Laces at

12c Bolt or 1c Per Yard.

800 bolts French Valenciennes Laces, pretty patterns, twelve yards for..... **19 Cents**

**MONDAY** Will be our Wash Goods and Lace day. Buy these Goods at LESS THAN COST. Until closed we offer:

123 bolts 40-inch colored Lawns and Percalines, very fine goods, at..... **4½c**  
61 bolts pretty Checked Nainsooks, to close out quick we will sell them for..... **3c**  
31 dozen Ladies' all-Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs selling for..... **3c**  
68 dozen Ladies' Plain and Ventilated Corsets, valued at 75 cents..... **39c**  
48 dozen Leather Belts, all colors, with harness buckles, will be offered at..... **10c**

**AT COST!**  
Black Wool Dress Goods,  
Colored Wool Dress Goods,  
Black and Colored Silks,  
Wash Dress Goods,  
Table Linens, Towels, Napkins,  
Underwear, Gents' Furnishings,  
Linings, Findings, Domestic, Notions!

A FEW OTHER GOOD ITEMS:

Large Spools Knitting Silks..... **3 Cents**  
Best Mosquito Bars, umbrella frames..... **98 Cents**  
72-inch German Satin Damask..... **39 Cents**  
Men's Balbriggan Undershirts..... **19 Cents**  
100-yards Spool Silks at..... **1 Cent**  
Zephyr, every shade made, ounce..... **1½ Cents**

**MERCHANTS ONLY!**

A few Jobs from our exclusive Wholesale House, 37 South Pryor St.

20 cases Standard Prints..... **3½ Cents**  
10 cases 4-4 Bleached Cottons at..... **3½ Cents**  
1,000 pieces best grade 5-4 Oilcloth..... **\$1.35**  
56 cases Standard Hickory Stripes..... **4½ Cents**  
250 bales heavy yard-wide Sheeting..... **3½ Cents**

And 10,000 Bargains in Dry Goods, Notions and Ladies' Cloaks equally as desirable at our wholesale rooms, 37 S. Pryor Street.

**BASS DRY** RETAIL 37 Whitehall.  
**GOODS CO**  
WHOLESALE 34 S. Pryor.











into Banks--the  
from one to  
years some of  
fruit, and some



## A PEACH ORCHARD THAT DEFIES FROST

Theory Sure To Revolutionize Fruit Belt of the State.

TWO CRATES TO EVERY TREE

Colonel John P. Fort Seems To Have Solved the Problem.

NAME OF GEORGIA FRUIT WORLD-WIDE

It Is Known in Every Market and None Are More in General Demand.

Mount Airy, Ga., July 22.—(Staff Correspondence.)—A peach orchard which bids defiance to frost is a development reached by Colonel John P. Fort, of this city. Behind this achievement there is a theory which it proves, which will revolutionize the fruit belt of the state. That proof is to be seen in an orchard of over 1,000 trees, in which three years' growth has brought about three years' development; every tree of which, in this year when there is no crop elsewhere, is laden with over two crates of fruit; and in which the sticky yellow colored peach of other sections hangs from its place blushing in the richest blood-red and cream, making a picture beside which the most perfect orange tree in being would hang its head in recognition.

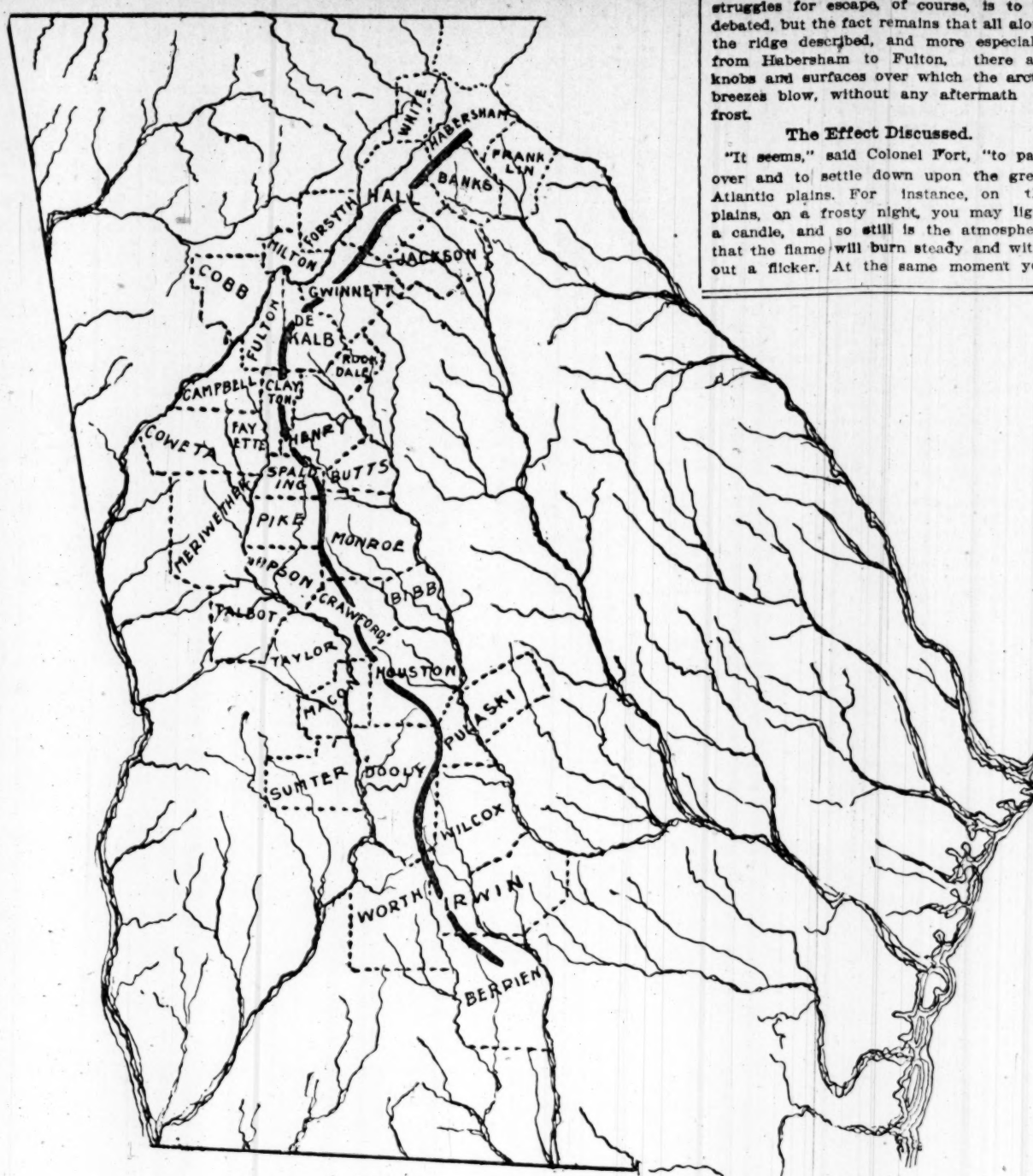
The First Terror. The fame of Georgia as a peach-growing country has become world-wide, owing largely to the interest taken in the state by Mr. J. H. Hale, of Connecticut. In fact, the Georgia peach is a tradition at home, but it was not until Mr. Hale pointed out the commercial possibilities, in which he was joined by others, that peach production began to boom up as an important industry. When added to this there was an assurance of prompt transportation, the business took on an extent which caused many people to fear that the market would be overstocked. The location of these orchards was so diverse, being scattered all the way from Tifton to Fort Valley and up to Griffin, that it became evident that there must be local causes for success, which marked out certain spots. It could not be entirely in the soil, for it produced differently in different places, in some hardly ripening at all. One thing was certain, that there was a peach area in which soil and atmosphere were united, and that the first great task was to locate the spot, when peach-growing at once became a certainty. But even here there was another difficulty encountered—the loss of many crops because of the frost. An orchard which would bear to overwintering one year, bringing the full yield into market, would be nipped by the frost in the year succeeding, and not give enough produce to pay running expenses. So assured became this condition that the farmers abandoned it, and declared their satisfaction with one full crop every three years.

Colonel Fort's Previous Service. It was a discussion of this matter which set Colonel John P. Fort, now living in this place, to thinking. Colonel Fort, it must be remembered, is a man who has thought before, and to such an extent that entire south Georgia should raise a monument in commemoration of it. For generations the peach sections of that part of the state had been abandoned to the negro. The military at that time had a form to be dressed as yellow fever, and the white man was not constituted to resist it. A country rich in its luxuriance, with the soft, balmy air and sunny skies which had the seasons into delightful repose—and yet the serpent lingered there which repelled the white man. It was only possible to get pure water all this might be changed.

It was reserved for Colonel Fort, then living in Dougherty county, where he still owns over 400 acres, to study out the problem to a satisfactory conclusion. He investigated the principle of artesian wells with but little encouragement from others. The State university at the time was teaching its students that the geological formation of Georgia forbade the idea of artesian wells, and as if to sustain that theory a wealthy Georgian had but a few years ago spent \$20,000 in trying to strike water and failed. All the same Colonel Fort made up his mind that all discoveries were but the results of endeavor. "I felt sure," said he, "that the good Lord gave us this beautiful country had looked up within its depths the water which the people might drink."

So the boring of the well, with crude contrivances, began out in the most desolate corner of the malarial region, no one outside of Colonel Fort, save Mr. Johnson, of Macon, having any faith in it. For six months "Fort's folly" was watched with pity by people who thought he was going to lose all he had in the venture. As time progressed with no promise in sight, even the negroes, who, like the soldiers of Columbus, began to tire of the job, but suddenly one day—there came a shower of water, such as must have burst from the rock which Moses had smitten. Water clear and pure and delicious to the taste. "Fort's folly" had become a beneficence to the state and the principle established led to the artesian well system of south Georgia, which has driven out malaria and revolutionized the face of nature.

Experimenting in Habersham. Now, when a man who has smashed the geological chart of the universe, who has given pure water to an empire of territory, continues to think, he is sure to attract attention. Having established a summer home in this city, he set to work to make himself acquainted with the country and its possibilities. He looked not only into the bowels of the earth for its treasures, but he noticed the growths upon its surface. He planted a gooseberry bush, and was rewarded by fine berries as ever grew in the northern climate of Canada. He experimented in a current bush or two, and as a result found on his table a currant pie whose rich acid could not be excelled by the crimson clusters of the celebrated Huron tract. Then there were years in which he could hardly get a peach from south Georgia, the frosts had done their work, and there was no crop. Surely, thought Colonel Fort, a crop which calls for the outlay of so much capital should give a more certain result. In the country roundabout—all over Habersham and dropping down into Banks—there were farmers who had from one to a dozen trees. In these off years some of these farmers would have fruit, and some would not. While they



THE "BIG DIVIDE" IN GEORGIA.

Along Whose Ridge May Be Found Locations Upon Which Frost Never Rests, Thus Insuring Annual Fruit Crops.

only noticed the fact and were content, Colonel Fort asked: Why? It was that spirit of investigation which led him into a study of why it was that of two peach trees, not a hundred yards apart, one should produce full in its crop, while the other only bore every other year. One hot July day in 1884, Mr. Robert H. Plant, of Macon, who was here, was standing on the platform to take the train home, when Colonel Fort came along, and the two entered into conversation. The latter told Mr. Plant of his investigations, and of a theory which he had evolved, that there was in Georgia a free from frost, within the limits of which the yearly fruit crop would be as certain as the yearly cotton crop. "Not only that," said Colonel Fort, "but I believe the atmospheric influences of that belt will produce a fresh and color



HON. JOHN P. FORT.  
Who Started the Artesian Well System of Georgia, and Who Now Advances the "Trembling Air" Theory, by Which Frost Is Never Bitten by Frost.

so highly seasoned that the fruit will rank as the best in the market." Mr. Plant was deeply interested in the story, so much so that he desired to see a test of it made, and when the two gentlemen parted it was with an understanding that they should work together to develop an idea which, if successful, would prove a revolution for the state equal in importance to that of the artesian well. Colonel Fort touched the curtain and yielded its fountains of pure water!

The Wonderful Transformation. Today, in company with Colonel Fort, I walked over Clear View orchard, a marvel of growth and of fruit. In July of 1884 this spot was covered by dense virgin forest. Two months' steady work reduced the whole to ashes to mingle in mother earth again. In November the tree planting began, the work being done with great care. In 1885 the work was continued, and 2,500 trees were growing with a luxuriance which seemed to fully bear out the hopes with which they had been planted. Three weeks ago the fruit began to ripen, and at a time that failure had struck the fruit crop everywhere. When the estimate of the great orchard was made that there would not be fifty carloads marketed, away up here in Habersham, 2,500 feet above sea level, in a country where it was supposed that peach-growing as a commercial venture would be hopeless, there is an orchard whose trees are laden to the ground with the most delicious fruit. Of the 2,500 trees, there is not a single one but will give two full crates, and many of them more. The fruit is on the trees, and it can be inspected by anyone who is interested enough to look it up. Besides this orchard, Colonel Fort has three others, equally forward, and all fully sustaining the theory which he has been demonstrating, that there is in Georgia an area free from frost, and that its highest development is to be found in Habersham county.

So great is the interest in this experiment that Colonel Fort finds it difficult to ship his fruit because of the local demand. Today, for instance, wagons passing by bought \$14 worth of the day's picking. For miles around the people come to buy the fruit, exhibiting the strange spectacle of country people almost taking the whole output of an immense orchard. Colonel Fort desired to put the crop on the market in the great cities, but he could not resist the importunities of his neighbors. From crates which he has sent to the commission men he has heard by orders for all he could send.

Colonel Fort, in explaining the results attained, acknowledged that he was in the field of experiment, though he was greatly gratified by the result of this year.

"There is a full crop on my trees this year," said he, "when the frost has destroyed the fruit elsewhere, so there must be something in it."

The Theory Advanced. The theory advanced is that all along the "big divide" which forms the backbone of Georgia, or as some would say, the roof of the house, sending the waters on the one side into the Atlantic and into the Gulf on the other, there is an area free from frost. This area, of course, has to be located by intelligent observation. The divide begins here in Habersham, which is its highest point, 2,500 feet, running southwesterly, through Hall, Gwinnett, DeKalb and Fulton, and then easterly to Spalding, where, taking a somewhat serpentine course, it penetrates Houston, and continues down to Berrien. In its progress through the state there are many lateral offshoots, like the rafters in a house, ending in knobs or mounds when the level begins to rise, or where the converging of creeks or rivers. This territory, then, with its lateral connection, is the limitation of the fruit belt, and within which is to be sought the frost-free areas. In the country south of Berrien the country breaks sharply to the south, the streams running in that direction, between which project many knobs from the great center.

Right here Colonel Fort was careful to explain that the frost-free localities could not be found at random, but had to be outlined by intelligence. There are many men who never bring intelligence to their work, and, of course, they can do nothing. The atmosphere has to be taken into account. First, frost is borne from the north-west, the force of which is broken by the Appalachian chain. Sweeping down it finds the warm air in the valleys which it has to displace. Whether this air is at once cooled and merged, or whether it

may light a candle on certain neighboring hills, and you will notice a perceptible wavering, a trembling which you may at first attribute to your unsteady hand, but investigation will prove that it is in the atmosphere. Now, frost will do no harm where it is not permitted to bite, and it cannot bite as long as there is the slightest commotion in the air. I have experienced these conditions, and without attempting to give science I point to the facts, to which science will have to accommodate itself. From the peculiarity mentioned I wanted to call my orchard Trembling Air, but thought later that Clear View would have a better popular understanding. Now, the gist of my theory is, that from some combination of topography and atmosphere, there is a trembling, or disturbance of the air at certain points, while a few yards away

there is that dead calm which gives full play to frost. As these atmospheric disturbances are due to a law of nature, they are as immutable as nature herself. I acted upon this theory in the location of my orchard, and the best answer so far to the result is the trees themselves. Look at them, and then look at the others, and form your own conclusion.

In further discussion as to the cause of the trembling air, it was argued that in the effort of the cold air to press out the warm, the latter naturally clung along the surface, up to the summit, covering it there, but losing its strength in the great

depressions, with wives, of West End Baptist church.

Reception, tea and concert to pastor, deacons, with wives, of First Baptist church.

Salmagundi Party by the Education Class.

Reception by Art School.

Kitchen Reception by Housekeepers.

Thanksgiving and Christmas Dinners, and Washington Birthday Tea.

Reception by Education Class.

Reception and concert by Music Classes.

Reception in honor of Senior and Intermediate Classes, and their young gentlemen friends, and the Advisory Board.

Reception in honor of Senior and Intermediate Classes by Hon. John Temple Graves.

Religious.

Reception and concert to Georgia Baptist convention en route to Gainesville. A special train conveyed the delegates. Prayer by Dr. J. L. White, of Macon. Addressed by Dr. A. J. Battle, president of Shorter College, and President P. D. Pollock, of Mercer University.

Reception and concert to delegates en route to Southern Baptist Convention. Address by Dr. George B. Eager, of Montgomery, Ala.

Four lectures at College by Rev. Dr. W. D. Powell, missionary to Mexico.

Three lectures at college by Rev. Dr. A. J. Diaz, missionary to Brazil.

Sermons or addresses to school by Dr. W. W. Jamison, Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, Dr. S. Y. Jamison, Dr. C. A. Stakely, Rev. P. A. Jessup, Rev. J. J. Hyman, W. D. Upshaw and Rev. E. W. Marshall.

The Place.

Great care should be taken in repairing spectacles and eyeglasses. This should be done by a manufacturing optician. A. K. Hawkes, 12 Whitehall st.



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## GENERAL TRADE DIRECTORY.

Here Are Some of the Leading Business Houses in Atlanta

- BICYCLES.**  
Walthour & Selkirk, Agents for Cleveland, Envy and Flying Bicycles; repairing a specialty; 35 South Pryor street.
- BOOKS.**  
GAVAN BOOK CO., 41 Peachtree street. School Books for all schools, and Old Books bought.  
Glover's Book Store, Fine Stationery, School Books, new and second hand, bought and sold; Pictures framed to order; 56 Whitehall.  
The Old Book Store, (Burke's), Cheap School Books on specialty. W. B. Burke, P. O. Box, in charge, 49 Peachtree st.
- CARRIAGES AND WAGONS.**  
GEORGIA BUGGY CO., 39 South Broad st. Fine Traps, Bureaus, Phonos, Buggies. Lower prices for best work.  
JOHN M. SMITH, First-class home-made Carriages.  
N. C. Spence Carriage Co., 122 and 124 Auburn avenue, Atlanta, Ga.  
H. J. FITE, Wholesale and retail, Buggies, Bureaus, Harness, Whips, etc. Call and see me, 62 Peachtree street.
- CORNICÉ AND ROOFING.**  
Moncrief, Dowman Co., Galvanized Iron Cornices, Metal Skylights, Tin and Sheet Roofing, Warm Air Furnaces. Phone 284.
- CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.**  
B. L. LILIENTHAL, Wholesale and retail, China, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps and Art Goods; 57 Peachtree street.
- CLOTHING.**  
The Globe Shoe & Clothing Co., Send for samples and catalogues, 39 and 41 Whitehall street.
- CLEANING AND DYEING.**  
Southern Dye & Cleaning Works, Make old clothes good as new, 23 and 24 Walton street.  
Excelsior Steam Dye & Cleaning Works, All kinds of Dyeing and Cleaning done.
- DENTISTS.**  
W. F. & L. W. BURT, All Dental operations guaranteed to please. Prices reasonable. City and country patronage solicited. Chamberlain-Johnson Bldg.
- DECORATIONS.**  
Atlanta Wall Paper Co., Dealers in Paints and Wall Papers; write for estimates; 29 East Hunter street.
- ENGRAVING.**  
Gate City Engraving Co., Cuts for all purposes. Chas. A. Manston, Manager, Constitution building.
- FLORISTS.**  
THE C. A. DAHL CO., Cut Flowers, Seeds, Bulbs and Plants; flowers shipped to any point; wholesale and retail; 15 Marietta St.
- FURNITURE.**  
M. H. Abbott, Household Furnishings, Furniture, Baby Carriages, etc. Write for catalogue, 150-152 Marietta street.  
Wood & Beaumont, Furniture, Baby Carriages, Bicycles, Refrigerators. Circulars free.  
R. S. Crutcher, Furniture, Mattings, Rugs, Window Shades, Baby Carriages, Bicycles. Write for catalogue, 53 Peachtree street.
- Fresco Painters.**  
Georgia Paint & Glass Co., Fred G. Painter, Fresco Painter, Church Decorator, 40 Peachtree St.
- GROCERS.**  
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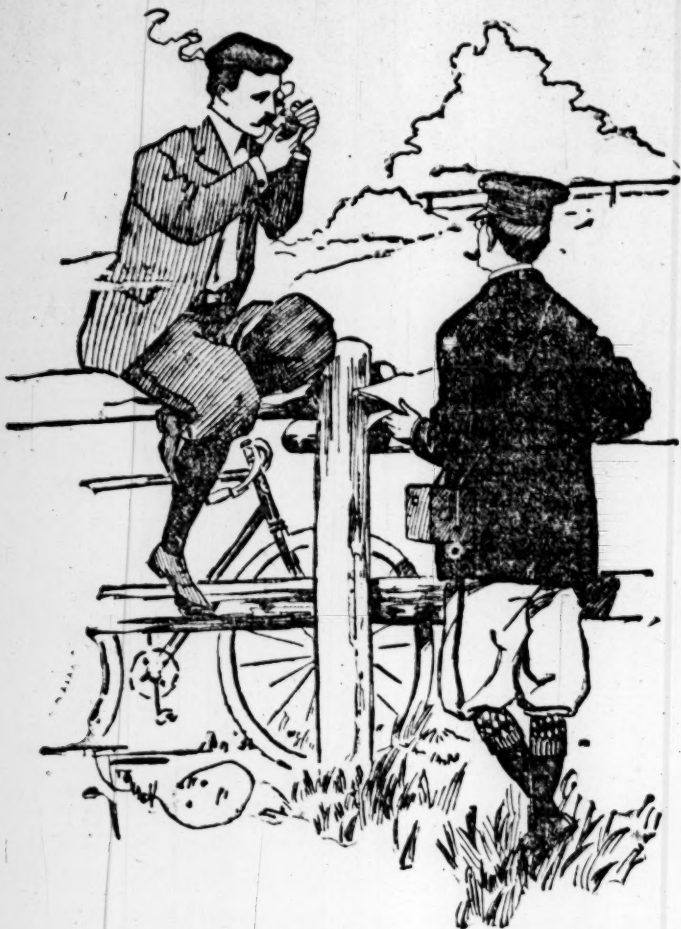








## RAN IN THE FAMILY.



Wilson—Called on Henpeck last night and his baby chewed a hole in my coat.  
Jackson—Just like his mother, always chewing the rag.

## DISASTROUS.



"What killed Algy?"  
"Why a train of thought passed through his brain and wrecked it, don'tcher know."

## WANTED A MODEL.



Customer—I want you to paint me a dollar bill. I want it for my showcase.  
Artist—Um, er, can you furnish me a model to work from?



First Living Picture—Are you not afraid of getting sunburnt?  
Second Living Picture—That's what I'm trying to do. Then I won't have to buy bronze next season.

## OTHER ATTRACTIONS.



Miss Jones—Smith has given his wife a \$20,000 cottage in the mountains, but they are not going to occupy it this summer.  
Miss Brown—Why not?  
Miss Jones—Mrs. Smith has just bought a \$100 bathing suit.

## SARGE PLUNKETT.

A Report of the Present Conditions of the People.

ARE LIKE "KILKENNY CATS"

The People May Destroy Each Other if There Be Not a Change of Some Kind.

For The Constitution.

Me and Brown have spent a week trying to light into a swim of prosperity, to decide at last that it cannot be found and that a regular "Kilkenny cat" affair is liable to occur with the people.

When we set our heads to find out the conditions of the country and the humor of the people, we are about as correct in our conclusions as the best of commercial men would be upon a report of the markets or the financial standing of corporate companies or banks, and what we say should be taken as correct and arrangements made accordingly—we talk not idly.

Of course we went to the towns first as the place of opportunity. Prosperity is not there, respectability has made a recluse of itself, while popularity is to be had at such a sacrifice of dignity and sincerity that the scum of creation has captured the field and the best people retire in disgust.

As we principally felt in need of prosperity, prosperity was the thing looked for. It is not to be found. The grandest industries are wrestling to keep buckle and tongue together and can hardly survive. Thousands are loafing upon the streets and a general feeling of despondency and desperation has settled everywhere.

Cred is against cred.

Interest is against interest.

Labor is against labor.

"Is'm" is against "is'm."

Politics are rotten. While even barrooms have instituted rivalries for the mutual ruin of each other and they complain of hard times just like common folks—a thing never known before.

The fight that is on in the towns of the country, of element against element, is fully apparent. They can no longer make the proud boast that they are "solid." Strangers can see the unnatural rivalry, and we deplore it.

It is not a fight of honest competition—it is a fight to crush.

I have always been an advocate of "division" in politics and in trade, but it was for a healthy division, not a wicked desire to crush.

If the spirit of wicked retaliation is not rampant in the towns at this time, then we are no judges in the matter. There is never a thought there of returning good for evil. The idea is intense that evil should be met with evil. They are crazy in the desire to crush each other and they are sure to succeed unless they put on brakes and call a halt in their wickedness.

When we had failed to find the swim of prosperity we went on the look for respectability. We found it, but it was no easy task. Respectability has hid away. It is entirely too lonely and tame for our present purposes. We concluded that the genuine article of respectability was not desirable in these "loud" times. There is an adulterated article—a so-called respectability—that is not hard to find and we decided that it suited us pretty well—something "loud," ostentatious display, that is what we want. But while we accept this as best suited to our present needs, we could but drop a tear over the degeneracy of the times. It is so plain to be seen that this "loud" respectability represents a scum that was thrown aside, never to have risen, save that the conditions have sent the genuine article to the lonely seclusion of modest retirement, where it must remain and will remain till we get back to the conditions under which this great country flourished and was blessed.

It was so refreshing to get among a number of this genuine article of respectability that we will be excused for discoursing upon them just for a moment, by way of diversion.

We found men who had retired to this modest seclusion years ago, that had reached to the dignity of statesmen in their time. Some had been princely in their en-

vironments and in all their instincts. Some had once been grand in a business way—some one way and some another, but all genuine, and they carried the stamp of purity upon their faces. The methods of the times forced these men to seclusion and you scarcely hear of them now. Plain, simple, modest gentlemen—the highest types of respectability and the most glorious specimens of noble manhood—they could never afford to get down into the slums of latter-day methods and retired with a dignity becoming such men to watch and deplore the action of the age and the prostitution of a great country. I cannot pass from this thought without a mention of the glorious women who retired with such men and have been companions in seclusion. God bless them—they may yet leave and save the whole.

We never tarried to look up and into the channels of popularity. We have never been fools enough to dream of ever possessing popularity without first getting prosperous, and so we returned to the country, leaving the towns behind with a high degree of disgust and disappointment.

Ordinarily we prefer to not speak of our home affairs, but we must to make the story, and it is an easy way to state the whole conditions of Georgia by relating the conditions of our own county.

Everybody is guessing. The country is torn to pieces. The democrats are split fearfully. The third party is defunct.

Tom Watson is—

I leave a blank after Tom Watson that

How—



a Chinese looks when he's—



frightened.



## WHY THEY DON'T SPEAK.



Mabel—Jack asked me to go to the opera with him.  
Maud—That's strange. He asked me, too.  
Mabel—Yes, I told I would not go without a chaperone.

## SHE REMEMBERED HIM.



Cholly (addressing stranger)—Ah, beg pardon, my dear, but didn't we meet the bench show last week?  
Miss Roast—Why, of course. Let me see—which kennel were you in?

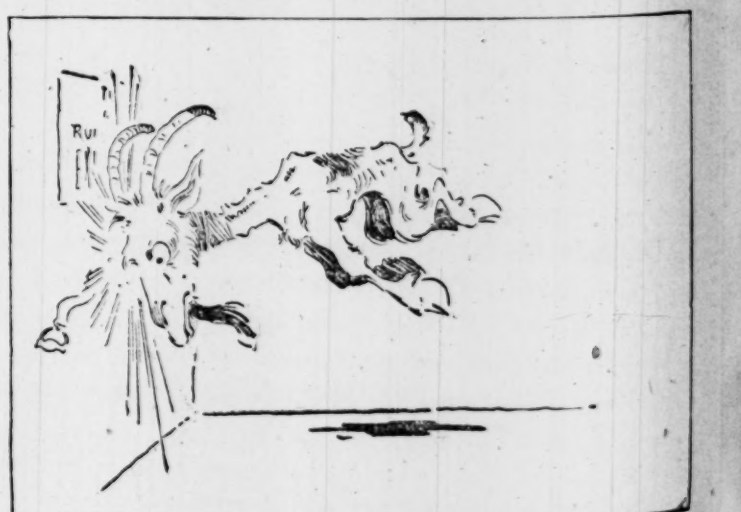
## A DECEITFUL WORLD.



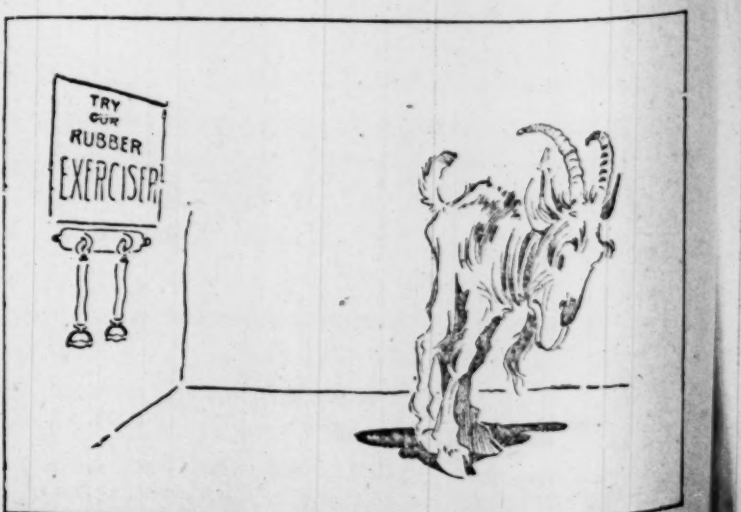
1—"Ah! There is some new peculiar kind of sausage."



2—"Hully gee! How this does stretch."



3—"Wow!"



4—"What a deceitful world this is."







# THE CAPTURE AT RAMAPO PASS

BY EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

In the summer of 1781 the forces of Washington lay for six weeks at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. Every day Sir Henry Clinton, who was in command of the British in New York, had been expecting an attack, and we now know Washington had been preparing to move against the city, but the failure of Count de Grasse, who was holding the French fleet at the West Indies, to co-operate with the troops on land, had compelled him to abandon the project, and he had decided to move rapidly to the south and attack Cornwallis, who was then in Virginia.

But he was very desirous that Clinton should not suspect his plan, for he might prevent the march or send reinforcements to Cornwallis, and either action would hinder, if it did not defeat, his project. So the American commander bent all his energies to deceive the British, and make them think that New York was still the place to be attacked. Indeed, we know that even after the march was begun, the French troops, who went by the way of Perth Amboy, there stopped to build evens and boats, and gave out that they were about to attack the posts on Staten Island and then move against the city. There were other means that Washington used, however, to produce the same impression even before his army left Dobbs Ferry, and it is with one of these that this story has to do.

"I want to see Dominie Montagnie," said an orderly to a company of men who were seated near a tent in the camp at Dobbs Ferry.

"There he is over there," replied one of the soldiers, pointing to a young man not far away.

"That Dominie Montagnie!" said the orderly. "Why, he's only a boy."

"Boy or not, he's one of the stanchest whigs in all this region. There isn't a better man in all the continental army," replied the soldier.

The orderly left, and as he approached the young man shrewdly scanned his face. Evidently he was satisfied with what he saw, for he at once addressed him. "Is this Dominie Montagnie?"

"Yes," replied the young preacher, returning the look to the officer.

"Well, General Washington wants to see you at once."

"Wants to see me? What for?"

"I don't know. Come with me and you will soon know."

Young Montagnie asked no further questions, but arose and accompanied his guide to the quarters of the commander. He never had spoken to him before, but he shared fully in the feeling of respect which all the army had for their leader, and he was somewhat abashed when the general arose to receive him, and could scarcely reply to the kind words he spoke when he was presented.

"Yes, I have known of you," said Washington, "and from all I can hear I am certain I can rely upon you. Is this true?"

"I try to do my best, general," said Montagnie modestly.

"That's right. Now, I have a very important commission for you," and the general paused a moment to note the effect of his words, but the young man only bowed, and he continued: "I want to send some dispatches by you to Morristown. You will cross the river at King's ferry, go up by Haverstraw and through Ramapo pass."

Montagnie looked up quickly at the words. "Ramapo pass." Yes, he knew the place, and too well. It was a narrow defile among the hills in New Jersey, and already had been the scene of some of the most exciting events in the revolution. And now the cowboys and skinkers held it, and if he should once fall into their hands, he knew what would occur.

"But, general," he ventured to stammer, "Ramapo pass is one of the headquarters of the Tories, and I shall surely be taken if I try to go that way. Why may I not go by the upper road? I am familiar with every foot of the country."

"Young man," said Washington, stamping his foot in real or pretended anger, "your duty is not to talk, but to obey."

The young preacher saw that all remonstrance would be in vain, and although he could not understand why he should not be left to select his own route, especially since he was to go through a country he knew thoroughly, he only bowed his head, and promised to do his best. "When am I to go?" he inquired.

"Now, just as soon as you can get ready."

Just at dusk, dressed in citizen's clothing, and with the dispatches sewed inside the lining of his sleeve, young Montagnie was carried across the river and started on his journey. Even a horse was denied him, but the hardy young continental cared little for that, and all night long he kept steadily on his way.

It was about a half hour before sunrise when he came near to Ramapo pass. "My time has come," he said to himself. "If I can once get safely through this place I have no fear of the rest of the way." But he was more excited than he knew, and he was breathing rapidly as he entered the pass. He grasped his heavy walking stick more tightly, and glanced about him. The passage between the hills was becoming very narrow. Beside the roadway there was only a narrow little strip of land, and the swift-flowing stream that ran noisily on its way. The steep hillsides rose abrupt and rocky. The damp, cool air of the early morning, the noise of the stream, the threatening cliffs and bowlders, which might conceal some of his enemies, all increased the nervous dread of the messenger, and he quick-

ened his steps. Once through, his greatest danger would be passed.

"This will never do," thought Montagnie. "If anyone is watching me, I shall arouse his suspicions if I run," and he began to walk leisurely, although his fear increased each moment. Up to this time he had seen no one and had met no interruption on his journey. Perhaps his fear was unreasonable, but he had thought so much and so long of this place, and was so familiar with the stories of the deeds of the murdering cowboys there, that ev-



He Suddenly Whirled His Stick and Stuck Out a Heavy Blow.

ery sense was alert. Several times he thought he saw faces peering out from behind the bowlders, but he had not stopped, and now he was almost through the pass. Yes, he could see where the valley became wide before him, and soon he would be out from under these terrible cliffs with their long shadows and dark hiding places. He began to breathe more freely now, and again quickened his pace.

"Hark! What was that? He stopped and listened, and in a moment he knew he had not been deceived. He could hear the sound of approaching horsemen, and they were coming rapidly down the road before him.

He glanced behind him for a hiding place, and already had started to climb the cliffs, when he caught sight of the approaching men and realized that he could not gain a place of concealment before they would be near enough to see him. Perhaps they had already discovered him. There was nothing left but to resume his place in the road, walk on as though he neither feared nor suspected anything, and keep on as bold a face as possible. But if his face was bold, it was the only bold thing about him, for his heart sank when he saw the six men enter the pass, and bring their horses to a walk as they noticed the stranger.

He could see their faces now, and his alarm increased when he recognized the leader as Richard Smith. He had been at Goshen when his father, Claudius Smith, along with Gordon and De la Mar, had been hung. Montagnie knew what a desperate Claudius Smith had been, and what a terror his gang of cowboys had been in Orange county and along the borders of New Jersey. Many rewards had been offered for his arrest, and about a year and a half before this time he had been captured at Oyster bay and taken to Goshen, where he was chained to the floor of the jail, and a strong guard placed over him. All his efforts to escape had been in vain, and with his two companions he had been hung, as Montagnie himself knew, for he had been in Goshen on that very day. But Smith's son Richard had been avenging the death of his father, and the poor whigs in that region had been suffering more at his hands than they had from his father. These were the thoughts that were passing rapidly through the mind of the messenger; and there was this desperate Richard Smith, approaching, and with him five men as desperate as he at his back. What villainous-looking men they were. He grasped his walking stick more firmly and tried to appear calm.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Montagnie.

A gruff word was the only reply, but each man was glancing sharply at him. Evidently they were suspicious, but, as they passed on, Montagnie breathed more easily. The danger was almost passed and in a moment he would be beyond their sight.

But he was not to escape so easily. Without turning his head, he was aware that they had stopped and were watching him.

The moment was a critical one. Would it never come to an end?

"Hold, stranger," called one of the men. "You travel early."

The messenger stopped, for there was nothing else to be done, and waited to approach. They soon gathered about him, and he knew his only hope lay in his being calm.

"Yes," he replied, "and neither are you late in your start."

"Where might you be bound?" said Smith, ignoring his words.

"O, up the road here among the hills," Smith laughed derisively, as he replied: "That won't do. Up the road may lead to Morristown, or it may be New York. You'll have to give an account of yourself."

The young preacher glanced quickly about him. Should he try to fight? Six men, armed and mounted, were before him, and they would think no more of shooting him than they would a squirrel by the roadside. But the leader had not failed to note his hesitation, and he turned to his men and said: "Search him, boys. If he's straight I'll do no harm; and if he isn't, it's the thing to be done."

In a moment Montagnie had forgotten

for his execution. Accordingly, when in a few hours he was bidden to follow them out of the hut, he glanced on every side for the rope he thought to see dangling from some tree. As he walked on his thoughts were somewhat bitter against Washington. Why had he insisted upon his coming through Ramapo pass? If he had been left to his own devices he would have taken the upper road, and never would have fallen into the power of these desperadoes.

"Can you ride?" said one of the men, abruptly.

"Yes," replied the preacher. Were they about to mount him on a horse and then start the horse off after the noose had been adjusted? He had heard of that plan having been used.

But he had no time for meditation, for they came to a place where three horses were waiting. Almost before he knew what had occurred, the prisoner found himself mounted and riding rapidly along the road, with one guard on either side.

What could it mean? He saw no rope, and not a word was spoken. On and on they went and gradually it dawned upon the young man's mind what the destination was to be. Nor was he mistaken, for he soon was carried across the river and placed in the old Sugar House prison in New York, one of the famous provost prisons of that day.

"You're a great one," said the guard to Montagnie the next day. "Those letters you had were all about Washington's plan to attack New York. But Clinton can take a hint, and everybody in the city is getting ready to receive the rebels." Then he took from his pocket a copy of Livingston's Gazette, which contained a long account of his capture, the nature of the dispatches he had carried and the use Sir Henry was making of the information he had gained.

Suddenly, as the guard finished his reading, Montagnie laughed aloud. "What are you laughing at?" said the angry guard as he left. "I don't see anything funny in that."

But the prisoner did, and all his bitterness towards Washington had vanished in a moment. Now he understood it all. Washington had intended all the time to have him taken prisoner with those dispatches on his person, and thus to hold the British in New York while he started for Virginia.

How well he held them we know from the fact that when Sir Henry next heard of him he was already beyond the Delaware, too far away to be pursued, and it was too late to send word or aid to Cornwallis.

As for Parson Montagnie, he was not long kept a prisoner, for the war was soon ended, but for years it was his delight to tell the story of his capture. "I had read about the Greeks holding the pass of Thermopylae," he would say, "and keeping out the enemy, but I kept the enemy in by failing to hold the pass at Ramapo."

## The River Jub.

The River Jub is an important river which has only just found a place on our maps, although it has flowed on from prehistoric ages. It forms part of the boundary between the British and Italian spheres in east Africa. In the middle of June Major MacDonald left England to take charge of an expedition sent out by the British government for the exploration of the River Jub. This officer was the leading administrator of the original railway survey from Mombasa to Lake Victoria.

## SOME QUEER RELICS.

Egypt's pyramid builders were cannibals, according to Mr. Filanders Petrie's assertion. He has found bones, picked clean and separately wrapped up in many tombs.

The cook working for a farmer who lives near Portland, Ore., found a dollar's worth of gold in the gizzard of a goose the other day. Perhaps this goose was of the same breed as the one that laid the golden egg.

Mr. Adams, a Norfolk Island descendant of the mutineers of the Bounty, is studying medicine in London. He has written a complete history of the Pitcairn Island community, and of the transference to Norfolk Island.

M. Berthelot, the chemist who was foreign minister in M. Bourgeois's government, reports to the Academie des Sciences that the copper objects found at Negadah and Abydos, in Egypt, by M. de Morgan are of pure copper and not of bronze.

The story that a Texas farmer found \$4,000 buried beneath the ground at a spot to which he was directed by the apparition of a woman "with a ghastly wound in her side," was evidently intended as a ghost story, but it sounds like a fairy tale.

"Jeanie Deans's" gravestone in Irongray churchyard is being chipped away by relic-hunters. The name of the girl whose story Sir Walter Scott used in the "Heart of Midlothian," and whose appeal to the duke of Argyll procured her sister's pardon, was Helen Walker.

The citizens of Dijon, France, recently voted a sum of money for putting a railing round a tree standing within the city limits. The tree bears a label which informs the sightseer that it is the oldest poplar in France. The town council has a record tracing the history of the tree since the year 722 A. D. It is 122 feet in height, and forty-five feet in circumference at the base.

A medallion of the kind circulated in 1337, on the eve of the coronation of Queen Victoria, was found a few days ago by Mrs. Chessire G. Rawlings in the yard at the rear of her home, in Brooklyn, while she was turning over the soil in an old flower bed. The medallion was taken to a jeweler, who cleaned it and pronounced it of fine silver. It is well preserved, the features of the young queen showing distinctly.

The Dayton Journal says that Fort Ancient, which is picturesquely situated on the high bluffs overlooking the valley of the Little Miami river, near Lebanon, Warren county, O., is believed to be the largest, best preserved and most interesting work of the Mound Builders. It has been visited and studied by the leading archaeologists of Europe and America, and models of it are now on exhibition in the museums of London, Paris and Berlin. The fort, which covers about one hundred acres, and one hundred and eighty-seven acres outside of the walls, is now the property of the state, part having been purchased in 1890, and the remainder in 1896.



## THE CONSTITUTION, JR

## UNCLE TOM'S WATERGATE

## Or the Joke That Was More Serious Than Funny to Me.

It was a windless day early in July: very hot and very quiet in my native village of Somerston, except for the brattling of water from the tailrace of Uncle Tommy Dean's sawmill, and the chug-chug of his upright rip-saw, which was not cutting anything.

He had gone to dinner and left his wheel running, for there would be more water than he needed back of his dam in the afternoon; for then the gates of the other dam—the dam of the woolen mill, about two hundred yards farther up-stream—would be opened. Those gates were now closed, that the water might be saved and backed up for the afternoon.

I had been walking barefooted along the river shore, looking out for new eelpots below the lower dam, Uncle Tommy's, when I saw him cross it to go to dinner. It struck me then, that it would be a good joke to cross and shut down his water gate while he was absent, for I was a mischievous boy of fourteen, and he was one of those testy men that boys love to annoy.

Of course I did not mean that any one should see me—the fun would be to hear him scolding about "idle, worthless boys," without knowing on whom to fix the mischief.

I lay low behind a rock till he passed out of sight, and then I stood up and watched for a few minutes the upper dam—the dam of the woolen mill—which gave the foundation for a footbridge on which the factory hands crossed.

Not a soul was in sight, so I climbed up to the level of Uncle Tommy's dam and skimmed across it quickly. The capboard was off for a distance of about twelve feet in the middle, and here I had to go carefully, for the very narrow apex was slimy and difficult for even my sinful, tough, bare feet.

I gained the sawmill, climbed on the gate and succeeded in bringing it down. Then I crouched in hiding for full ten minutes, for I guessed that Uncle Tommy would rise from his dinner and come out to look toward his mill as soon as the chug-chug of his saw should cease to be heard. When, by passing between the piles of old boards, I had seen him stare, shake his fist furiously and then go back to his meal, I hurried back to cross the dam as hard as I could so.

At the place where the capboard was off I had to move cautiously, and here I happened to look down the sloping upstream side at the water. Overhead the sun was blazing, and up from the calm surface the reflections came dazzling into my eyes. The next instant I had made a false step on the slime of the slope and down I went, slipping on my front, for my sprawling hands failed to catch the boards.

To save my life I could not stay myself—literally to save my life, for I could not swim a stroke, and the water was deep on the upper side of the dam. Down I slid over the ooze on the planks, spreading my arms and trying with the clutch of my fingers and toes to stop my descent. But slowly I slid till my feet were in the water, which was some twelve feet from the crest of the dam, and still I went down and down.

My terror was so great that I actually did not think to shout for help at first. The water stole over my ankles, up my shins, over my knees; all the time I was staring desperately up at the blue sky over the top of the dam, at my outstretched hands, and the track I had made in the slime.

In the middle of that track was a deeper, narrow one, a sort of channel, that showed where the round-headed brass buttons of my jacket had pressed. It was deeper than the somewhat wider channel which ran with it—the channel I had made by digging my chin downward.

The horrible water crept up little by little to my waist, and now it seemed I was slipping more slowly; still the ring of slight cold that marked the surface kept gently rising, or rather crawling, upward on my body, seeming sometimes to pause, and then to gain inches all at once, until my waist was under. Then I desperately tried to haul up my legs. At the same time I clawed with my hands, raising and flinging them. This lessened the space by which my body had friction on the slope, and I shot down quite quickly until the water was over my armpits. There, thrusting my legs down suddenly, the great toe of my right foot caught on a nail and I stopped.

At once the daze of my mind ended, and I began to scream, but I had not cried out three times when I heard the dreadful waving sound of water coming from the race of the woolen mill up stream. They had opened the gates, and I knew my screams could not be heard by the factory hands, who would soon begin to cross the upper dam.

I did not think of the first form of the danger the tail race water would put me in, for I had got it into my head that the nail on which my toe had caught might give way. So I tried not to press on it, and yet I could not but press so hard that it soon seemed cutting my water-soaked toe joint to the bone. Oh, if only Uncle Tommy would come! I had to think woe-fully of how I had delayed him at his dinner.

I wondered if I could change toes on the nail, but I did not dare to try, for fear I should slip off. Indeed, I feared I should do that anyway, for my terror and nervous strain, and my strange, frantic yet motionless effort to press forward, had much exhausted my strength.

I tried to think calmly. Surely Uncle Tommy would soon come. It was nearly 1 o'clock, and I was sure the factory hands were crossing the upper dam by scores. Oh, if they would look toward me! But what use? They could not see the mere back of my head and neck and the least bit of my shoulders at that distance, against the dark slope of the slimy dam. I stared up at the blue sky—its calm

seemed so pitiless—and I prayed and prayed to God to send Uncle Tommy in time.

The pain in my foot was excruciating and I was trembling violently, when suddenly I felt the water in a slight convulsion about me—the stream from the race had made its way to the dam. Would it shake my almost floating body aside from the nail? In that despair my trembling ceased, perhaps because of the concentration of my powers on the effort to make myself heard. I screamed and screamed with all my might.

My voice frightened me—it seemed so utterly alone 'n the universe, which was slipping away from me and leaving me in the black, uneasy water, which now lapped above my shoulders.

Had my toe slipped?—for I had forgotten the pain. No—I felt the nail sorely at the question. But the water—"O God help me! help me!" I screamed. The water was rising—I had forgotten it would rise quickly—for I had closed its escape by Uncle Tommy's gates.

I gave up. I was about to be drowned. Oh, poor mother, how she would cry! Would they ever find my body? And then I heard a shout above me. Then something struck me a hard blow on the shoulder. I felt that I had been wounded. I screamed with pain. I felt that I was being drawn through the water. Was I sinking? No—and then I knew no more.

Uncle Tommy, hearing me scream as he crossed the dam, had seized a path-pole and reached for me with the hook of it. With not a moment to spare, so fast was the water rising, he had no choice but to strike with the hook, and the blow had forced the steel point into my shoulder-blade, making a wound which was long, painful, and a scar which I have worn for forty years.

"So much for my fine practical joke on Uncle Tommy," said the old man in conclusion. "Oh, yes, you can write out the story if you please. Maybe it will be a warning, but I guess it won't, though I admit it was warning enough for me."—Adelaide Lund, in Youth's Companion.

## "Is That Stonewall Jackson?"

The New York Sun prints an account of some concerts given at the Windsor hotel by the Stonewall Jackson band, of Staunton, Va., while it was in New York participating in the Grant day ceremonies. In connection with one of them, a strange and amusing occurrence is reported:

The first concert was held on Monday evening, when President McKinley arrived. It was a big success, and afterwards the members of the band crowded around General Gordon and shook hands with him. A well-dressed man with a sandy mustache sidled up to one of the spectators, and pointing to General Gordon, said:

"Is that Stonewall Jackson?" The spectator turned toward the questioner with a quizzical look, but noticing that the man was apparently in earnest, said with a smile:

"No. I'm trying to find out who he is." Congressman Tate, who was talking with General Gordon, left him for a moment, and was buttonholed immediately by the sandy-mustached man.

"Excuse me, sir, was that gentleman Stonewall Jackson that you were talking to?"

The congressman glared at the sandy-mustached man, apparently undecided whether he was the subject of a northern affront or not.

"No, sir; it was not," said the congressman.

"Well, when will he arrive?" queried the sandy-mustached man.

The guileless expression of the questioner caused the congressman to smile as he said:

"My dear sir, a short course of United States history would do you a world of good."

The congressman then walked off. The sandy-mustached man was last seen receiving an explanation from the hotel clerk.

## The Baby's Bottle of Rum.

The inflexibility of Russian official orders has resulted in many queer and needless fixtures in the official system, says The Youth's Companion. The story is well known of the sentry who was put on guard over a rose in bloom in the imperial garden in the seventeenth century. The rose and its bush disappeared, but every day for a hundred years a sentry mounted guard over the spot, because no one had ordered the service discontinued.

A story quite as ludicrous is now told of a discovery made by the Empress Catharine, mother of the Emperor Paul, who was assassinated in 1801. Catharine at one time was inspired by some passing whim of economy to scrutinize the imperial household accounts. In them, among other queer things, she found that "one bottle of rum daily" was charged to the naslednik, or heir apparent.

As her son, who was then a young man, had never given any signs of intemperate habits, the empress was greatly astonished. She went over the accounts to see how long he had been addicted to this practice and found, to her still greater surprise, that the expenditure went back to the day of his birth—and, indeed, far beyond it.

The heir to the throne had not only been charged with drinking over thirty dozen bottles of fine Jamaica rum yearly ever since he was born, but for a long time before that. The empress, it is hardly necessary to say, made a thorough investigation of this strange matter, and with the aid of an antiquarian she at last reached the original entry.

A century or so before the imperial physician had prescribed for the naslednik, the period, "on account of a violent toothache, a teaspoonful of rum, to be taken with sugar." This dose was given for several days in succession, and the nurse or steward in charge had deemed it more fitting to the imperial dignity, as well as more profitable to himself or herself, to purchase a new bottle of rum every day. No one had ever given the order to discontinue this purchase, and it had gone on for a century, the rum having constituted

one of the perquisites of the court steward.

The empress submitted the discovery to her husband, who at once declared that the method of keeping the accounts should be thoroughly reformed, and such abuses ended. He carried out his threat.

## She Misunderstood.

Many singers fail to realize the importance of distinct enunciation, and the charm of a beautiful voice is often lost by the listener who is vainly struggling to catch the meaning of the song.

A young woman, who considers herself an admirable ballad singer, one day received a severe shock from the criticism of



EDWARD CARLTON BLOODWORTH. As He Appeared in His First Pair of Pants

an old lady who had formed one of her audience. Among other ballads, the singer had rendered "Rory O'More" in her best style, and had received much applause.

The old lady, who sat in the front seat in the little hall where the entertainment was given, looked at first puzzled and then distressed as the familiar song proceeded; and at the close of the concert she waited to speak to the young woman.

"My dear," she said, in a quavering voice, "I remember when 'Rory O'More' first came out. I have never been a singer myself, but have always been interested in music; and I am sure I never heard the words as you sang them tonight. I am not deaf; my hearing is unusually good; but will you tell me where you get your authority for singing?"

"He policed the hock, And she salted it down,"

for though I cannot remember the original words, I am sure they were not like that."

The young woman's face was crimson as she showed the old lady her copy of the song, and pointed to the words:

"He bold as the hawk, And she soft as the down."

## Unknown Heroes.

The story recently told in The Companion of Lord Nelson's heroism in submitting to a surgical operation has brought to us a very interesting letter from Dr. R. S. Dana, of Morrisville, Pa., who was a surgeon in the One Hundred and Seventh Pennsylvania volunteers during the civil war. Doctor Dana adduces several incidents from his own experience to prove that instances of extreme heroism in enduring wounds were almost of everyday occurrence during our great conflict.

The day after the battle of Antietam Dr. Dana and another surgeon were in sole charge of a hospital in a barn on the road from Keedysville and Smoketown, in Maryland, and near the famous long-contested corn field. A soldier was brought from that field with his knee shattered by a musket ball.

Amputation was necessary and anaesthetics were prepared. "No," exclaimed the soldier, "don't give me any of that! I want to see the thing done. Give me a piece of hardback to munch." The square of hardback was given him; his head was propped up so that he could see the operation; and there, nibbling his cracker, he bore the whole amputation without a murmur, and with scarcely a wrinkle of his brows.

Such stoicism in a great general would have become memorable; this private soldier's name is unknown.

At the battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1865, just after Anderson's confederate corps had been forced from their entrenchments and were being closely followed up, a mounted colonel rode up to Dr. Dana. His name the doctor did not ask, because such details were of minor importance then. The colonel's left shoulder had been struck by a piece of shell, which, falling edgewise, had taken from the shoulder blade the flesh over a strip about two and a half inches wide and four inches long, leaving a bridge of skin over the wound.

The colonel was all questions. "I've been hit; is it bad? Do it up as quickly as you can. Is it dangerous? May I go on with my regiment? I would not leave the regiment now for anything unless I must."

Dr. Dana made an examination and reported no immediate danger, but a serious wound that would give trouble in the future, and great inconvenience, to say the least, by the morrow.

"Never mind the morrow," said the colonel. "I don't care anything about that if I can get along today."

Meantime the surgeon was dressing the wound; he made the colonel as comfortable as possible, removing the coat and sleeve from the left arm and shoulder, and carrying them under the arm around to the other side of the coat in front, so as to

keep the coat on the well side. The surgeon assisted him to mount; and with his left arm and shoulder in his shirt sleeve only, he spurred on to the fray.

"I have neither seen nor heard of him since," writes Dr. Dana; "there were many others like him."

One such, exactly like him, but happily not unknown, was General Charles Russell Lowell, nephew of the poet. Mortally wounded at Winchester, he was helped upon his horse, led another charge, was hit again, and died the next day. He was one of the poet's three nephews. All of them were killed in the war, and it was of them that Lowell wrote in "The Biglow Papers":

"Why, haint I held 'em on my knee? Didn't I love to see 'em growin'? Three likely lads ez wal could be, Hahnsome an' brave, an' not tu know-in'?"

## She Could Wait.

It is often very difficult for new-comers in a community, especially if the community is a small one, to understand the local ideas of social requirements, for etiquette—a ticklish thing at best—is often greatly modified by local usage.

A Mrs. Cathcart, who had gone from a large city to live in a small village on Long Island, was a woman of strong social instincts, and soon after she was comfortably settled, she set about getting acquainted with her neighbors.

She soon learned that she would make small progress if she waited for the neighbors to call first, as she naturally would have done in the city; so with some misgivings she ventured to call at the house next door, where lived a pleasant, friendly woman, who welcomed her cordially, and promptly made her feel thoroughly at home.

After a suitable time, Mrs. Cathcart rose to go, and said: "Now, Mrs. Johnson, I hope, since we have become acquainted, that you will come over and see me."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Johnson, "I ain't no hand to gad. You see, I have so much to do at home, 't I don't get no time. I hain't ben out but once all winter, 'n' that was when Aunt Sally Bashford was buried. Of course, I make it a pint always to go to the funeral when any of my friends die, but I don't get out no other time."

"In that case," said Mrs. Cathcart, "I hope you won't be in any hurry about returning this call."

## Not a Good Shot.

Forest and Stream contains an account, full of sly humor, of a father and son and their experience with an American rifle of the best and newest make. Target-shooters nowadays have, perhaps, little faith in the marksmanship of the old frontiersman, and the elder gentleman in question did much, during his visit to his son, to confirm the impression of his own inadequacy.

"Well, well!" he said, examining the target rifle at the first opportunity. "What improvements they have made since I was a boy. Dear me! our rifles were very crude affairs in those days!"

He continued in this strain all the way to the woods, and his son began to feel very sorry for him. It seemed a shame to be enjoying such modern improvements. He tried to be encouraging.

"Yes," he said, "the finish of our rifles may be finer, but I suppose the old muzzle-loaders would shoot just as straight."

"I don't know! I don't know!" replied his father, sadly.

"Well, you didn't miss often with them?"

"No, not often. But we didn't dare to miss. Powder was too scarce."

"Lead, too, I suppose?"

"Well, not so scarce as powder, for we could use it over again. When we had powder enough to shoot at a mark, which was seldom, we would always put the mark on a tree, and then chop the bullet out. I guess you youngsters shoot much better than we did, for you have plenty of ammunition to waste in target shooting. And then you have such fine sights; I shouldn't even know how to use them."

"Oh, yes you would! Here, I'll tack this target on a tree, and we'll try a few shots."

"No! no! you do the shooting. I can't shoot. Why, boy, I haven't fired a rifle since the war. And I never was anything of a shot. Brother Zeke and Abe could beat me any time, and neither of them could shoot like father."

But when the target had been set up, and the son had hit the bull's-eye, the father consented to "try those sights, just to see how they would work." He had construed his son's persuasion as a challenge, and he would not refuse it, even in the face of certain defeat.

He took the rifle, threw his arm well out, and raised the piece, but complained that he could not see. The younger man grew a little nervous.

"Be careful, father," said he, "that's a set trigger."

"Boy," was the stern reply, "I never used any other kind."

A suspicion began to creep over the son that he might have been unnecessarily solicitous.

"Crack!" The old gentleman had shot into a crack three inches below the bull's-eye. At his second trial, he did the same.

"That's funny," said he. "My sight was touching the mark."

He had been holding the aperture as if it were a pin-head, and it was explained to him that the bull's-eye should be centered in that little hole. From that moment he hit the center and kept on hitting it. His work was amazing, but he kept apologizing for it, and his humility was perfectly sincere.

No, he never was counted a good shot—Zeke could beat him—so could Abe—his father was better than any of them—and Uncle George was a real marksman.

"But my! what improvements you have made!"

## Papa's Watch Goes Tick.

One of the brightest and sweetest little boys in Atlanta is Edward Carlton Bloodworth, the seventeen-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Bloodworth. He is the picture of loveliness and childish innocence as he stands with his "first pants" on listening to the "ticking" of his papa's watch. He is a beautiful child with lovely brown eyes and long golden curls.



licity of a slight ing. The keeper and ret keeper and eyes, was sooth- coin and a fe- picked up in ar- of Havre-com- the language, n- of his needs, a comprehensive h- quick temper h- had taken him- for going to the- madame had be- him for a min- graine. He was- giving a wide b- taking by ways- with the west- even among the- plains, low-bun- and cloverless- shing everywh- summer houses- vines and delica- tious, jackets, trousers, or hie- head dresses of- winged caps of- all this green- of still more m- long, black shu- sabotaged men- sabotted women- with slow oxe- man horses, the- decked, dragge- deacons, but th- monstrous weig- frivited his in- made of him in- close of the se- relief on enter- the usual form- upon the op- -genuine forest- "Oak Bottom" in- ed branches in- path, his moss- pits of moss a- leaves, trailing- striped foot- breto, the v- to endlessly re- he was in fore- western forest- vast dim silve- he had in fat- park, packed- windling fanar- still, on stat- accurately s- green-plumed i- by train. To h- unscrupulous- stirrups and- ing down the- alal at the s- accustomed to- prairies, in a- slummy root r- a few second- exaricated him- dily, dragged u- fashion of h- ing to his red- came aware th- badly sprain- porarily lam- that he was s- and that the s- his scapulae, -staring out i- nothing to th- could make h- fortiable any- his arrival at- high road, or- glanced arou- was a guide fo- road must fin- he would find- we Dick wa- no interrupti- this sylvan ar- woods. There- be found; he- woodland sign- animals to wa- time a Norm-



Laura Bell, Alken, Ala.—Dear Junior: As we are writing on subjects now, I will take for mine "Affection." A mother's affection. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead—when the cares and the coldness of the world come withering to our hearts—when we know how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in all our misfortunes—then it is that we think of the mother that we have lost.

Vivian Martin, Youngs, S. C.—Dear Junior: I am just eight years old. I go to school at Wallace lodge, not a mile from home. Miss Emma Dial is my teacher. I love her very much. My chief pet is the prettiest little black Newfoundland dog that brother Edgar gave me. Her name is Trilby, and oh! such romps she and I have together. My papa takes The Constitution, and I dearly love to read the children's letters.

J. Cash, Landstreet, Tenn.—Dear Junior: One day in the merry month of June when I was entertaining a jolly crowd of youngsters, some one suggested that we take a pleasure trip to the mountains. So we all agreed to do so, and in a few days we started, six of us, in two hacks, for the mountains, which are about twenty miles distant. When dinner time came we were at the foot of the mountain. We stopped in the shade of a large tree, where a spring was gushing from between two rocks, and from our well-filled baskets we took refreshments. In the evening we reached our destination, which was the summit of the mountain. There we rambled the remainder of the day, gathering wild flowers and looking over the country with a telescope. When the golden sun was setting beneath the far-off hills we stretched our tent in the twilight. After enjoying ourselves exceedingly well through the day, we retired and were sleeping soundly when at 2 o'clock in the night we were awakened by distant thunder in the far-off west; keener and keener the lightning flashed, louder and louder the thunder crashed, till the storm of wind and rain was upon us. Oh, my! the tent was blown from over us, and we were left in the drenching rain. We felt our way to the hacks, and set there till the dawn of a new day, sorely declaring they would go home as soon as morning dawned. So the next morning it was left to a vote whether we should go home or not. The majority were in favor of going home, and to home we did go. Correspondence solicited.

Donnie Smith, Quincy, Fla.—Dear Junior: I live in the county of Gadsden, the great tobacco belt of the state. We have an abundance of nice fruit; the crop of peaches are just beginning to ripen, the trees were so overloaded papa had to gather a good deal. My sister and I have a flock of goats and two pet calves. We have lots of fun with our little pet kids. My big buddy carried me fishing down on Withlacoochee creek not long ago to "carry the bait" for him, so he said, but I carried a pole and line and fished too when I had a chance to put the bait down; and, cousins, what do you think? I caught four very large perch, while big buddy caught nothing but a little "crawfish." I told him I would have caught more if he had not yelled out as I caught the last: "You are having all the luck and me none." I would like to exchange some songs, viz: "Willie on the Sea," "All Smiles," for "Anna Lee," "The Girl I Left Behind."

Leola Snow, Monroe, Ga.—Dear Junior: Away back in the cold season—it is hard to believe there ever was such a time—Mr. Laurence suggested that we describe the scenery about our homes, but the scenery here is not especially interesting, so I will not "write it up." What has become of Mr. Laurence, Binker and the rest of them? Come again and give us something else to discuss. But not just yet, please. Wait till cool weather. I was so much interested in Aunt Susie's letters about the old-time way of doing things. I always love to hear about them. Monroe is a progressive little town, but our churches are not what is called "stylish," we have no choir, and you should hear the singing. There are a number of excellent singers, they lead and every one else follows, and the music is grand. If you ever have the opportunity I would like so much for you to come down to Monroe Aunt Susie. Please place my name on the membership roll of the Grady Hospital Club, and find inclosed 10 cents as my first fee. Will "the Trash Basket Contributor" please write to me? I liked your letter very much.

Ida George, Stockton, Ca.—Dear Junior: A long time ago I was a member of the Young Folks' Department of this paper, but should imagine I'm forgotten before now. My age won't admit of my being one of you now, but I hope Aunt Susie will let me come in for a few minutes to tell you of Bryan's visit to this town. He was scheduled to reach this place at 11 a. m. July 3d, but being delayed somewhere above here, he didn't get in till about a quarter to 1 o'clock p. m. By 9 o'clock a. m. the streets were full of people and still they came. It seemed that everybody was anxious to be on time for fear they would miss seeing him. When the news became general that he was belated then everybody grew impatient and most of them began wandering around trying to find something to pass the time away. Finally we heard the whistles over at the depot tooting long and loud to let us know he had come. Then Main street became a scene of pandemonium. Everybody was trying to get a po-

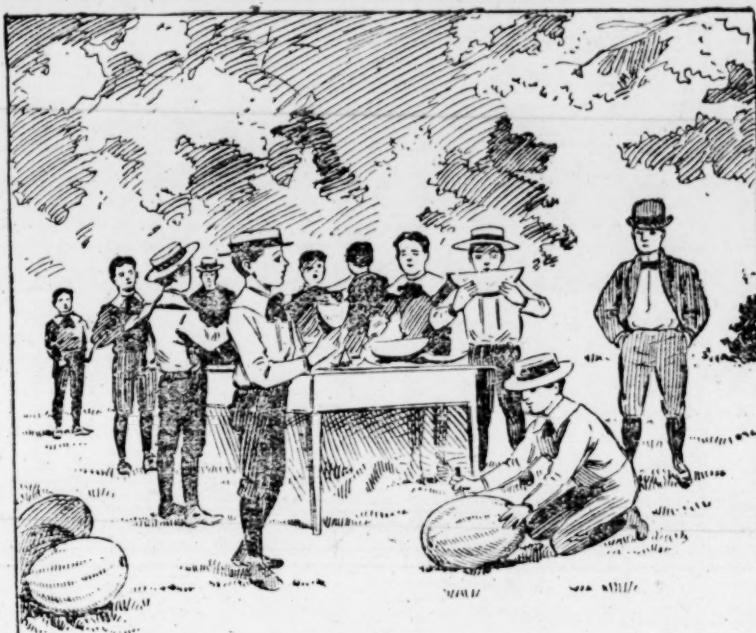
sition where they might see the procession on its way from the depot to the stand near the courthouse. In a few minutes away down Main street, we saw them coming. At first we could only tell that it was an army moving in our direction. Next we could see the glint of the sun's rays on the band instruments and then we heard the music. First there were three men on horseback riding very slowly; then came the band, marching in three ranks or rows, and accompanied by the usual crowd of small darkies that is always attracted by music, especially of a band. Next was the carriage drawn by four white ponies in which was Mr. Bryan, accompanied by Governor Budd and others. Mr. Bryan was smiling and when we looked at him we all at once fell in love with him. Next there eight carriages and a wagonette and a whole army of pedestrians moving up in a solid body.

When Mr. Bryan mounted the beautiful stand, hats were raised, handkerchiefs waved and cheer after cheer went up from that vast crowd. Soon he was introduced and as he rose to begin his speech he was again cheered loud and long. Frequently

with the banner of virtue unfurled they will ascend to the topmost round of the ladder of fame. His brow will be crowned with honor. He may never wear the warrior's crimson wreath, the poet's chaplet of bays, or the statesman's laurels, or be the founder of a republic which shall be a distinguished star in the constellation of nations! Even more, his name may never be heard outside the narrow limits of his own neighborhood, yet his mission is none the less a high and noble one.

Homer A. Legg, Morganton, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have long been a silent admirer of the Young Folks' corner, but have never ventured to write a piece. I will take for my subject "Youth and Its Opportunities." Youth and its glorious school opportunities are swiftly passing by and will soon be gone forever, never to be recalled. Then how careful we ought to be in improving every moment in school.

If we go through school and do not improve our time, when we are grown we will look back with sad regret upon the idle hours spent. Our fathers and forefathers, who did not go to school half as much as



MRS. H. Y. WILSON'S CONTEST.

Her Sunday School Taken to Ponce de Leon Springs, Where a Watermelon Contest Was Held.

throughout his speech he was cheered lustily. The great crowd was respectful and orderly and it is wonderful to think how this man is loved and honored by the masses of the people.

When he had finished speaking there was another cheer and a general rush to try to get to shake the hand of Mr. Bryan. He was finally assisted into the carriage, but the crowd was so enthusiastic that it caught the hack and held it for several minutes. An immense number of people followed him to the depot and he was obliged to shake hands with folks till the last minute. Just as he was about to enter the car he was called to shake hands with a very old man, who, with tears coursing down his cheeks, said: "Goodby, Mr. Bryan, and God bless you." How that did work upon the crowd! Then he was borne away from us and left not one, I dare say, in the town or crowd who does not wish to see him again.

Charley A. Barber, Lebanon, Miss.—Dear Junior: I will take for my subject "Education." Cousins, what is more important than education? It ennobles and enriches the mind to a degree that is wonderful to the ignorant and superstitious. We should take advantage of every opportunity. Our time is precious. We should study while we are young, so that when we become older we can be a blessing to our homes and our country. What is more enjoyable than to be in company with a well educated young man or woman, who can converse freely upon any subject? In striving for an education I think we should remember the old adage, "Where there is a will, there is a way," and I think we would succeed. Cheer up, boys, and do not let the girls get ahead of us, if they do think they are a little the smartest. With best wishes to Aunt Susie and the cousins, I will bid you adieu. Correspondents solicited.

Kendall, Burgess, Miss.—Dear Junior: "The Ideal Young Man." He is one who could never be induced to use profane language, one who never uses his ears as a receptacle for vulgar stories, one who is never seen with his fingers stained with the poisonous nicotine from the filthy cigarette, one who scorns a lie, one who shuns the company of mean people, one who spends his evenings at home with mother and sister and finds their company more beneficial in his future than "the downtown" boys I admire a bashful young man. I would rather see the rose tint stain the cheeks of a grown man than watch a dozen hills of ripening strawberries. I love a young man who loves his mother and is not ashamed of it, one who thinks there is a nobler career in life than being a first-rate dancer or crap shooter. One who never drinks any intoxicating drinks, one who is honest and square in all his transactions, one who cannot be laughed out of a principle or ridiculed out of a purpose. I simply love a young man who hates whisky and thinks too much of the brains God gave him to make smoked meat out of them with cigarettes. In the moral and physical world the cause of truth and virtue calls for champions and the field for doing good is white with harvest. In every young man's future there are obstacles to be surmounted and difficulties to be vanquished, yet with truth for their watchword they will march onward and ward;

we, and who did not have one-fourth the opportunities, and improved their time, are, to our shame, better scholars than some of us. What is the reason? Simply idleness.

It seems that as the opportunities increase our energy decreases and idleness takes its place and I fear that our schools will some day be almost void of energetic pupils. Just think of the lost time one idle student can cause. If it takes him five minutes to play a funny trick in a school of sixty pupils and has them watching him all the time, he causes five hours of time to be lost. Think of it! Then let's think of that, and if we do not study ourselves, let's respect the time of others. Just a few moments' study in school might mark our destiny in life.

I inclose 5 cents for Grady hospital. Correspondents solicited.

Dora Haynes, Sugar Valley, Ga.—Dear Junior: As I have never seen a letter in the children's column from this part of the country, I thought I would write one. I am a little girl eight years old. I like to read the children's letters very much. I live three miles from the pretty little town of Sugar Valley and two miles from the Ryals High school. As I am too small to write on subjects, I will close. Best wishes to Aunt Susie and the cousins. I send 1 cent for the Grady hospital.

## THE BOATSWAIN'S BURGLAR.

Continued from First Page.

Father, they never knew. The streets of the city, newspaper selling, shining boots, running errands, always hungry, always moving—that had been their world and life. Always they had stuck together, till Artie for some offense, had been sent to jail. There he had learned nothing good; from there he had rejoined his little brother, waiting for him at the gates, and straight from there he had gone to Miss Leeffe's house to rob. He had been told of its loneliness by some older comrades in prison.

The year passed on, a strangely new one to Miss Leeffe—to the boy also. One thing became certain—he was very far from "right," as the world means it. Fifteen years old, he was no more mentally developed than when he was seven—the year, he said, his mother died. The doctor told Miss Leeffe, and recommended an asylum. The boatswain abused the doctor for a monster. The neighbors, when they came to know Eddie, shook their heads, but wisely refrained from advising the stalwart old maid. He never tried to run away; he seemed to think Artie, of whom he constantly spoke, would come back to him. Miss Leeffe could have told him where his big brother was, but she never did. A paragraph in the city paper had informed her Artie was again in gaol. So Eddie pattered vaguely about the house, faithfully doing what he was told, and, by reason of the flood of love in his own heart, revealing the store of undeveloped affection in that of the boatswain.

It is to be supposed that Miss Leeffe had loved her father and her brother. Further than that, into her queer, lonely life no attachment had intruded to disturb her rather selfish existence. The presence of Eddie to her house made a noticeable change in her—very noticeable to her neighbors after one night in the summer of that new year. The boy had been quietly dream-

ing by himself all the evening, until his usual bedtime came. Then he rose up and hung his arms round the boatswain's neck and kissed her.

"Good night, mother," he said.

"Good night, sonny boy," said the old maid, and sat, for an hour afterwards, dazed, herself, at the warm spontaneity of the kiss and her reply. She slipped to the side of his bed before retiring herself and furtively kissed him. The boy smiled in his sleep and muttered:

"Brother Artie!"

For the first time in all her life the boatswain was jealous. Yet always after that, when she went abroad with the hand of the half-witted boy in hers, she wore an air of proud possession of a new and good thing which amused the neighbors—when the boatswain's broad back was turned.

Her devotion to the boy grew with the year, until, when it, in turn, waxed old, and another new year was on the eve of birth, she declined to leave her house for the usual midnight service of her chapel, "because Eddie was ailing." She had not missed seeing the new year in with peal of bell and roll of organ for ten years.

At midnight Eddie was sleeping, but lightly. The boatswain watched beside him. There was only the little watch light burning in the whole lonely house. From the outside one would have said the place was deserted. It was very still and quiet; the shouts of a few noisy boys in the village sounded far and faintly. There came an almost inaudible noise downstairs, a clumsy fumbling and pulling at a window. Miss Leeffe rose to her feet and listened. There followed a distant crash of broken glass and Miss Leeffe stealthily opened the door. The boy in the bed awoke and spoke to her, but she did not heed him. In one hand she carried her little dark lantern, in the other her pistol. The boy had risen in his night-shirt and came out, but she whispered to him to go back. In her stocking feet she soundlessly descended the stairs, and never noticed that the frightened child followed her. In the hall she stopped. Somebody was there; she heard a quick breathing. She flashed her light in that direction, and as she did so Eddie ran past her with a quick cry:

"Artie! Brother Artie!"

It was too late. A moment after she had turned the light upon the burglar the boatswain fired upon him without recognizing him, fiercely seeing only a thieving invader of her peace. Therefore, she fired with sailor-like promptitude, unheeding the white figure which shot past her and sprang to the burglar's neck. The crack of the revolver and the boy's delighted shout of welcome mingled with each other. Then there was a scream of pain. Eddie sank to the floor, and the burglar, with furious eyes, leaned at the boatswain.

"You have killed my brother!" he screamed.

Miss Leeffe stood perfectly still. The light fell from her hands, and the pistol. In the dark she felt the unhappy lad's fingers clutch at her throat, and she did not resist. But a groan from the wounded boy released her. Artie left her at once and felt his way to his little brother. The boatswain heard him calling through the darkness:

"Eddie! Eddie! Where are you? It's brother Artie!"

She slowly regained her senses and fetched a light. Eddie was lying on the floor and his brother knelt beside him. He was, undling the boy's hand and crying over him, and did not now look like a burglar. Timidly and with bitter weeping Miss Leeffe joined them and knelt down.

"Eddie," she cried, "I didn't know you were downstairs at all. Oh, my child, are you badly hurt?"

He looked up and tried to smile. He was lying in a puddle of blood. His face turned from hers to his brother's.

"Don't go away again, Artie," he whispered. "Stay here. She's awful good!"

The big boy looked at her wonderingly.

"I've looked for you, Eddie, everywhere. Were you with her all the time?"

"Yes—with her—she's like mother. Don't go away, Artie—promise. Kiss him, Miss Leeffe, same's you—kissed me. Then he'll stay."

His voice was very faint, his eyes were dimming. He whispered anxiously: "Promise, Artie. Kiss him—Miss Leeffe!" Across the boy's dying form the burglar and the boatswain kissed. With a smile and a sigh of relief the boy felt hungrily for their hands, and slipped away from the world where he had never been "just right."

Down in the village there was a sudden peal of bells, and in Miss Leeffe's chapel the organ's notes proclaimed the passing of the old year. Miss Leeffe closed Eddie's eyes and placed her great hand timidly in the burglar's. For the boatswain and the burglar alike there dawned a better day.

## Delusive Figures.

Figures won't lie of themselves, but they can be made to do it; and what looks like sound reasoning may be nothing but delusion.

An old man went into an insurance office, says Cassell's Saturday Journal, and wanted to take out a policy on his life.

He was greeted courteously, but the first question he was asked was enough to spoil his chances.

"How old are you?"

"Ninety-four," was the astonishing reply.

"Why, my good man," said the manager with a laugh, "we cannot insure any one of your age."

"Suppose I had been fifty?" asked the applicant.

"Why, of course, in that case—"

"Well, sir," returned the old man triumphantly, "I have been reading the table of vital statistics issued by your office, and I find that twice as many people die at the age of fifty as at the age of ninety. So, sir, you must admit that I am a good risk."

But, strange as it may seem, the manager would not admit anything of the kind.



## By BRET HART

from the virgin forest, had been rigidly preserved.

Amazed, indignant, and for the first time in his life humiliated, Dick gazed speechlessly after them. The man, of course,

was a sneaking coward—but the girl was a rather pretty one. It had not been Dick's experience to have a girl like this.



race—the queer-towered bulk of the

ered hastily, evidently in search of one of the convents. Hastily because it was

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to His Surprise and Consternation

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took from his pocket the letter to Mlle. de Fontonelle, twisted it in a spiral, lighted

talk about that girl's lover you'll think of me and shut your head. You hear me,

### The Effect of Certain Pastimes on the

There are women who have thrown themselves into card playing so forcibly, with

l—and makes the birth of baby  
on shorn of all dread. Its con-

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## Handkerchiefs.

100 dozen fine Swiss Handkerchiefs, which were formerly 15c and 20c; clearing sale price, 9c.

75 dozen Gents' Colored Border Silk Handkerchiefs; were 35c, now 19c each.

## Ladies' and Misses' Mull Hats

Prices to Close Out Quickly.  
\$2.00 Misses' Mull Hats, in pink, blue and white, for \$1.25.  
\$3.50 Ladies' Mull Hats, in white, blue and pink, for \$2.00.

## N OUR

## Notion Department

Special Cut Prices for this GREAT CLEARING SALE.

Wire Hairpins, 2 pairs for 1c.  
Best quality Prong Hair Curriers only 3c each.  
Safety Pins, all sizes, nickel plated, 3c doz.  
Best quality American Pins only 1c per pair.  
Fine Lisle Thread

Elastic only 5c yard.  
One of our Greatest Bargains—Black Pins only 2c box.  
Rick-Rack Braids, 5c bunch.  
All sizes Hooks and Eyes, 1c card.  
Think of 11—Patent Hooks and Eyes, with hump, 2 doz. on a card, at 2c card.  
Last, but not least—Spool Cotton at 2c spool.

## Fancy Work Department.

Our 50c and 60c Drapery Silks at 35c.  
50c Stamped and Twilled Table Covers at 20c each.  
50c Pillow Covers at 18c each.  
100 15c Stamped Splashes reduced to 8c.

## FANS

A large lot of Sample Fans. Original price 25c to \$1.00; marked for this sale at 10, 25 and 35c each.

## Gents' Furnishing

and Underwear Department.  
Great mark-down for this sale.

Gents' Fine Suspenders 6c pair.  
Open front Shirts with colored bosoms, worth 75c; sale price 43c.  
Ladies' Swiss Lisle Vests only 8c each.  
Ladies' Drop Stitch, Silk Finish Hose, seamless, only 8c pair.  
Summer dresses for children for only \$1.25 each; sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Blouse waist and skirt; nicely trimmed.

## Sacrificing Prices

to Close Out All the Spring and Summer Goods.

Commences Monday morning, July 26th, and continues until all the Spring and Summer stocks are closed out. We have gone through our 27 extensive Departments—picked out all the Seasonable Goods and cut the price in two. EVERY ITEM in this Big Summer Clearing Sale will demonstrate most signally our power in value-giving. Look where you will, you cannot find the same quality at such low prices, and always bear in mind—only good merchandise here at any price, and everything just as advertised. THE OBJECT OF THIS GREAT SALE IS TO RAISE READY CASH, WHICH MUST BE DONE QUICKLY.

## LADIES' DRESS SKIRTS.

Special low prices for this sale on all our Linen, Duck and Wool Skirts.

\$1.25 colored Duck Skirts for 75c.  
\$1.75 Pique and Duck Skirts for \$1.25.  
\$2.25 Pique and Duck Skirts for \$1.50.  
\$2.25 Linen and Crash Skirts for \$1.50.  
\$2.50 Wool Check and Brilliantine Skirts for \$1.50.  
\$4 and \$5 all wool Check and Fancy Cheviot Skirts for \$2.25.

## LADIES' WAISTS.

Another big cut on Shirt Waists to close.

All our 75c Waists, for this sale, 39c.  
All our \$1.00 Waists, for this sale, 49c.  
All our \$1.50 Waists, for this sale, 87c.  
All our \$2.00 Waists, for this sale, \$1.19.  
All our \$2.50 and \$3.00 Waists, for this sale, \$1.69.  
Every Waist shown at this sale is guaranteed to be this season's styles and materials.

## LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.

A grand opportunity to buy a fine, Tailor-Made Suit cheap.

We have put on sale 40 Wool Street Suits, made of Melton Broadcloth, Cheviot and Scotch Mixed Checks, that sold from \$9 to \$14; only one or two of a kind, sizes 32, 34, 36. For this clearance sale only

\$5.00 Each.

All our other fine Suits are reduced more than half.

20 pieces Solid Color Taffeta Silks, 75c goods, Clearing Price, yard.

The remainder of our Silk Stock reduced to positive cost, including Plain and Fancy Black Silks.

49 pieces India Wash and Ki Ka, and Dark Printed China Silks, was 39c, reduced for this sale to 21c

50c

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The new method is the invention of Professor Linde, of Munich. It produces the liquid for 10 pennings (say 24 cents) for five cubic meters, and it yields the product either as a gas or fluid, as one wishes. This is one of the most important of the new methods recently known; its chief feature is its economy of working, for it uses air to refrigerate itself. After the air has been worked for a certain time, one turns a cock and the liquid air runs out at a temperature of 273 degrees below zero.

In Professor Linde's method, an air pump of five horsepower compresses air to a pressure of 20 atmospheres; this air passes down a spiral tube and is let out in a chamber, causing great cold; then it rises and passes on the outside of the spiral tube, bathing it and thus cooling the new air that has been pumped into the tube to take its place. This cooled air follows on into the chamber, expands and again lowers its temperature, then passes on to take its place. This cooled air follows on into the chamber, expands and again lowers its temperature, then passes on to take its place.

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## MAYOR COLLIER TALKS OF APPEAL

City Will Take Transfer Case to  
the U. S. Circuit Court

AND APPEAL FROM THAT IF LOST

General Assembly Will Be Asked To Broaden

City's Power by Charter Amendment.

"TRANSFERS DELAYED, NOT DEFEATED"

He Expresses Surprise at the Decision  
of Judge Newman and Says It Is  
a Very Remarkable Docu-  
ment in Certain Re-  
spects.

Six months more, at the very least,  
and perhaps a year, of transfer expense  
is promised the city and the Consolidated.

The city will appeal, and the end is not  
in sight.

The decision of Judge Newman overruling  
the demurrer of the city of Atlanta and  
declaring the transfer ordinance null and  
void, first given to the public in The Con-  
stitution yesterday, was the day's sensa-  
tion.

Mayor Collier read the decision in yester-  
day's Constitution, and after studying its  
provisions briefly he announced that the city  
will appeal the case to the United States  
circuit court at New Orleans, and if the  
city loses in that court, the case will be  
taken to the court of last resort, the  
United States court at Washington.

In the meantime the city will take steps  
to secure legislation at the hands of the  
general assembly of Georgia authorizing the  
city to enact an ordinance requiring the  
street railroad companies to grant transfers  
so that in the event the circuit court and  
United States court affirm the decision of  
Judge Newman, the city will still be able  
to force transfers.

The principal point of the sweeping deci-  
sion is that the city council of Atlanta is  
not authorized by its charter to grant  
transfers. The city council is authorized  
to enact an ordinance requiring the street  
railroad companies to grant transfers  
so that in the event the circuit court and  
United States court affirm the decision of  
Judge Newman, the city will still be able  
to force transfers.

"I confess that the decision is quite a  
surprise to me," said Mayor Collier yester-  
day. "While I did not expect that the  
court would sustain the city and authorize  
it to immediately enforce the transfer or-  
dinance, I believed that the court would  
recognize the city's right to regulate the  
business of its street car companies so far  
as it was proposed to do, I expected that  
the court would sustain the ordinance as  
legal and then recognize the plea of the  
Consolidated and its bondholders that they  
were entitled to a hearing on the ground  
that the transfer ordinance would materially  
injure their interests if enforced."

"Had this been the conclusion of the  
court it was expected that a special mas-  
ter would be appointed to hear and de-  
termine upon the justice of the issues in-  
volved. It was generally conceded by the  
attorneys on the other side that a special  
master would be appointed to investigate  
the case and report as to the effect of the  
ordinance on the Consolidated, the final  
decision depending on the report of such  
special master. But now that the court has  
failed to recognize the city's contention  
that it has a right to demand better service  
at the hands of the Consolidated in the  
shape of transfers, nothing is left for the  
city to do except to take the case to a  
higher court."

**Decision Is Manifestly Remarkable.**  
"While I have no disposition to criticize  
the honorable court deciding this case, still  
I am of the opinion that the decision is a  
sweeping one in favor of the corporations,  
and in that respect it is manifestly re-  
markable. I have never read a document  
so pronounced in its terms against the  
rights of municipalities and in favor of cor-  
porations. However, the city has no criti-  
cism to make of the able judges who sat  
in court at Asheville, and we will simply make  
a respectful appeal from that decision. I  
have not yet had an opportunity to confer  
with the city's attorneys in the case, but  
will do so in the near future, and action  
will be taken at the proper time."

"Judge Anderson, city attorney, is absent  
from the city, and as soon as he returns  
Judge Pendleton and Messrs. King and  
Spaulding, the city's special attorneys in  
this case, and myself will confer about the  
case, and appeal papers will then be pre-  
pared by the attorneys. I am confident  
that the higher court, the circuit court, will  
overrule the decision of Judge Newman  
and McCormick, and the Asheville decision  
will serve only to delay transfers instead  
of defeating them. There is a long line

decisions on similar cases, and I think the  
higher court will recognize the broad and  
proper authority of municipal cities to  
regulate matters of this kind."

**Will Appeal to Legislature.**  
"But in the meantime the city will pre-  
pare to take the matter to the general as-  
sembly of Georgia, and will ask for direct  
authority to enforce a transfer ordinance.  
And we will get such authority. The gen-  
eral assembly will establish the principle  
that corporations of this kind cannot ignore  
the just demands of the city, and must  
recognize that the people are entitled to  
some rights and consideration at their  
hands."

**OPERATED FOR APPENDICITIS.**  
Dr. J. S. Fauknerly, of Ellijay, Will  
Completely Recover.

Dr. J. S. Fauknerly, a prominent physi-  
cian of Ellijay, was operated upon yester-  
day morning for appendicitis at Dr.  
Hollister's sanitarium.

The operation was quite successful and  
was performed by Drs. Holmes, McRae,  
Avery and Simpson, of Atlanta, and Dr.  
W. B. Tate, of Tate, Ga.

Last night Dr. Fauknerly's condition was  
very favorable and he will recover, it is  
thought. He is attended by several mem-  
bers of his family.

**SHIP LINES FIGHTING.**

The New Comer Says That It Is  
in the Business To Stay.

The Lone Star steamship line, which  
was recently started between New York  
and Galveston, Tex., is going along qui-  
etly and is playing a silent game in the  
present steamship war. When the line  
was put on, the Mallory, the Morgan and  
the Cromwell lines opened up a war on it,  
or rather the Mallory started it, and the  
Lone Star took the defensive. Its man-  
ager, Mr. Daniel Ripley, says that the de-  
mand that his boats shall be taken off is  
impertinent and ridiculous. He does not  
propose to do anything of the kind. If the  
other lines want war, they can get it.

The all-rail lines into Texas are suffer-  
ing, and they have been forced to defend  
themselves. They are seeking peace with  
small prospect of getting it. They say  
that if the ship lines continue at war, they  
will soon find all the routes against them,  
and then the ship companies may come to  
their senses and to an agreement.

The Lone Star company did not send a  
representative to the conference of rail  
and water lines held in New York last  
week. This is a good bluff to play. No  
state or federal commission has any juris-  
diction over the water routes. There is  
no telling when the ships will get tired  
of the war, and maybe when the line  
is over there will be one or two dead  
steamship companies.

**Electricity For L. Roads.**

The Manhattan Elevated, the Brooklyn  
Elevated and the Elevated Railway of  
New York are seriously considering the  
substitution of electric motors for steam  
power. They are all working together  
with the view to getting the cheapest and  
most powerful made at the smallest cost.

**The Late D. W. Caldwell.**

The Lake Shore's late president, D. W.  
Caldwell, was once in the furniture busi-  
ness in Zanesville. He made money and  
became interested in railroads and went  
to the top. Just before his death he saw  
his company's mortgage indebtedness re-  
duced to one-half of what it was, and he  
had ever known before in railroad  
financing in America.

**Railway Notes.**

No arguments were filed yesterday by  
any railroad with the railroad commis-  
sioner, increased to the last day for  
submitting written answers to the petition  
for a reduction of 25 per cent in cotton  
rates.

The Southern railway's freight men have  
returned from the conference at Wash-  
ington.

Charlotte, N. C., ironworks have recently  
shipped three carloads of mining and com-  
press machinery into Mexico. The Mexi-  
cans are going in to compress their own  
cotton.

Fire got from an engine into the tender  
at Raleigh last week and nearly ruined the  
whole locomotive before the flames were  
extinguished.

Senator Marion Butler, of North Caro-  
lina, turns from Tom Watson long enough  
to remember that the railroads have been  
made an issue in the next campaign in  
that state. Mr. Watson proposes to make  
Senator Butler the issue.

The state railroad commission of North  
Carolina has concluded the case of the  
railroads in that state by \$3,000,000. The  
valuation of nearly everything else  
remains the same or has been lowered.  
The telegraph rate was ordered reduced  
from 45 cents for ten words to 35 cents.

In Georgia the returns of railroad prop-  
erty taxes increased from \$200,000 in 1895  
to \$420,000 in 1896, or 450 per cent. In  
the same time the agricultural lands have in-  
creased from \$30,000,000 to \$120,000,000, or 33-1-3  
per cent.

The Atlantic Coast Line is building a  
freight yard at Florence, S. C. It will  
hold 50 cars.

The Atlantic Coast Line has handled 300  
more cars of watermelons this season than  
it had handled at this time last year.

Some years ago W. H. Brown, chief en-  
gineer of the Pennsylvania railroad, was  
introduced to a clergyman as the greatest  
bridge builder in the country. "Can you  
build a bridge to eternity?" asked the  
clergyman. "Yes, if you can furnish the  
abutments," was the prompt reply.

**BURGLARS BUSY DAY.**

They Didn't Take a Half Holiday  
Yesterday.

The burglars got in their regular day's  
work yesterday. From 77 Windsor street  
a large boy, who was found to be living  
early in the morning. This case was the  
first one reported to the police officers.

A shoe shop belonging to Joseph Shep-  
ard, situated under Emory's fish market,  
was entered and several pair of shoes  
stolen.

The place of R. C. Myers, at 53 Highland  
avenue, was burglarized yesterday morn-  
ing. From this place a lot of tobacco and  
cigars were stolen.

Three table cloths were stolen from the  
First Christian church yesterday after-  
noon. The burglar entered the church  
from the front.

A case belonging to J. T. Vaughn was  
stolen from 187 Gullat street.

The officers made several arrests during  
the day, but very little positive evidence  
could be obtained against any of the ac-  
cused.

## CURIOUS KIND OF STATE AID

Arkansas Will Build Roads If the People  
Will Subscribe.

THEY MUST PUT UP THE MONEY.

Then the State Board Will Do All the  
Rest.

THERE IS NO APPROPRIATION, HOWEVER

The Public Have To Furnish All the  
Cash—Governor Jones Says Roads  
Will Pay When Built.

The state of Arkansas is inviting the  
citizens to chip in and assist in building  
some new railroads. The last legislature  
passed a bill authorizing the board of con-  
trol to go ahead, build and operate rail-  
roads and telegraph line and to provide  
the manner for raising the revenue.

It is a freak law, to all appearances, but  
Governor Jones says that the state will  
certainly build roads. He gives his per-  
sonal assurance that they will pay, some-  
thing unheard of for new railroads.

The board will receive subscriptions to  
stock, and donations of land or money.  
If the people in a community want a road  
built, all they will have to do will be to  
subscribe enough money and right of way  
and the board will build it for them.  
Wherein this is a better method than for  
the people to organize a company and  
build their own road is not apparent. The  
board proposes to locate the lines itself  
and this will be done in the order of the  
applications. The first came the first  
served.

No appropriation was made by the legis-  
lature to assist the board in this work  
and the subscribers will have to foot all  
the bills, even paying for the subscription  
books and the cost of the surveys. When-  
ever a proposal shall be sent to the board,  
the people will be at liberty to open the  
books for subscriptions. If the people in  
one or more counties want a road but can-  
not show that it will be a profitable in-  
vestment for the state, that is not in-  
terfering with the project at all, provided  
the citizens will put up the money requir-  
ed. As soon as the money is provided, the  
board will build, if it is asked, no matter  
whether the board is asked to build or not.

Governor Jones is quoted as saying that  
he believes the people will begin to sub-  
scribe for new roads as soon as they have  
marked their cotton. He admits that  
great judgment will be required on the  
part of the board to select the best routes.

**IOWA'S RAILROADS.**

The Commission Publishes a Handsome  
Illustrated Report.

The annual report of the Iowa railroad  
commission for last year has just been  
printed. It is handsomely illustrated with  
half tones, showing stations and bridges  
and parts of tracks of a number of roads  
in the state. Iowa is one of the few states  
which publish illustrated reports. The  
book is complete. There is a sketch of  
the state, showing the location of the  
roads, stock and floating indebtedness.  
The earnings, expenses for taxes,  
operation, printing and stationery, the cost  
of construction and equipment, the pos-  
sible address of the executive officers and  
many other interesting things are given.  
The full decision of the supreme court in  
the case of the railroad commission is  
published with the dissenting opinion and  
there is a resume of the decisions of the  
Iowa state commerce commission for  
the past year.

The state has in round numbers 6,000  
miles of line. The total gross earnings  
were \$33,000,000 last year, or \$5,500 per  
mile.

Iowa's commissioners are Messrs. George  
W. Perkins, Charles L. Davidson and Ed-  
ward A. Dawson. Mr. William W. Alin-  
worth is the secretary.

**Meeting Southeastern Tariff Asso-  
ciation, Asheville, N. C., August 3d.**

Round trip tickets on sale Atlanta to  
Asheville and return August 1st and 2d.  
Limited fifteen days from date of sale, \$8.25.  
Through Pullman sleeping cars Macon  
and Atlanta to Asheville through the  
"Land of the Sky."

**S. H. HARDWICK.**  
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent, Atlanta, Ga.  
July 20 to Aug. 2

**At the Seashore.**  
You can prevent losing your rings while  
in bathing if you provide yourself with  
one of our earring rings, gold, \$1 up.  
DeKlin's, 10 Peachtree street.  
July 22-1m

**Removal Notice.**  
Dr. Floyd McRae has moved his office  
from 57½ Whitehall to 62½ Whitehall.  
July 24-1m

**Don't Strain Your Eyes.**  
When you need glasses consult our opti-  
cian. No charge for examination. Del-  
kin's, 10 Peachtree street.  
July 22-1m

**Office Stationery.**  
Of every description at John M. Miller's,  
59 Marietta street.  
Feb 10-1f

**Diamond Rings Lost.**  
While bathing in the surf are rarely ever  
recovered. A word to the wise, wear a  
guard ring, gold, only \$1, at DeKlin's,  
10 Peachtree street.  
July 22-1m

**The Place.**  
Great care should be taken in repairing  
spectacles and eyeglasses. This should be  
done by a manufacturing optician. A. K.  
Hawkes, 12 Whitehall st.

**School of Optics.**  
If you are a dealer in glasses you are be-  
hind the times unless you are familiar with  
all branches of ophthalmic optics. Kellam  
& Moore's school of optics, in Atlanta, is  
both a practical and a theoretical school of  
instruction, and will thoroughly prepare  
you for success as an optician. For terms  
address Kellam & Moore, 43 Marietta street.  
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**Engagement and Wedding Rings.**  
Fine diamond, solitaire, and fancy  
cluster rings, \$10, \$15, \$25, \$50 up; at DeKlin's,  
10 Peachtree street.  
July 22-1m

## NO WORD HAS COME FROM MISSING BOY

Mr. Powers Has Heard No Word of His  
Lost Nephew.

DISAPPEARANCE IS A MYSTERY

Men Who Were Arrested for Kidnap-  
ing Set Free.

LATER, WARRANTS SWORN OUT FOR THEM

Officers Now Looking for Them—The  
Boy's Mother Knows Nothing  
of His Disappearance.

Mr. F. G. Power, at whose instigation  
John H. Gilver and Frank Moore, two  
white men, and Robert Hurt, a negro,  
were charged with the kidnapping of  
the charge of kidnapping, has discovered  
what he believes to be additional evidence  
in the cases against the three men, and ac-  
cording to what he says it certainly seems  
that the men are guilty of the charge  
which has been made against them.

Mr. Power promised to swear out war-  
rants for the men yesterday morning, and  
he failed to do so they were given their  
liberty during the day. They had not been  
given from the barracks more than a few  
minutes, however, before Mr. Power came  
in, only to find that he was too late.

He immediately went before Justice  
Fouts and swore out warrants against  
Gilver and Moore, charging them with  
kidnaping. The warrants were given into  
the hands of a bailiff and he set out with  
the intention of arresting them at once.  
It will be remembered that Robert Far-  
thing, the nephew and adopted son of Mr.  
F. G. Power, disappeared from his home  
on the afternoon of July 23d, and has nei-  
ther been seen nor heard from since. Two  
white men, whose names are not men-  
tioned above, were arrested for kidnapping  
the boy, and Robert Hurt, a negro boy,  
was arrested and locked up on suspicion,  
it being thought that he was a part of the  
deal more about the case than he would tell.

During their talk with the detectives and  
Mr. Power, Gilver and Moore said that  
Robert had expressed a desire to leave  
home, and that they had helped him. The  
men said that Robert had written to his  
mother asking her to send him money to  
come to her, and that the following resolu-  
tion of the executive officers and many other  
interesting things are given. The full deci-  
sion of the supreme court in the case of the  
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July 22-1m

Mr. Power says that it is impossible for  
him to believe that he would undertake  
to have Robert clandestinely leave his  
home. Mr. Power is a graduate of the  
William and Mary college, of Virginia,  
and of Columbia university, of Washing-  
ton, D. C. He is a son of the late Senator  
Power, of Virginia, and as a finished and  
polished gentleman as is to be found.  
He will push the warrants which have  
been sworn out and feels confident that  
he will convict the men and recover the  
boy.

**HE SHOT AT HIS MAN.**

W. W. Anderson Shoots at Will Dun-  
can on Marietta Street.

W. W. Anderson, a man well known in  
the city, fired a shot at Will Duncan yester-  
day afternoon on Marietta street, near  
Thompson's stable, but the bullet failed to  
find its mark. The cause of the shot was a  
trade which a man, who was working for  
Anderson, and Duncan became interest-  
ed in.

A person says that Duncan tried to flim-  
flam the agent. This caused the anger of  
the principal to rise, and he fired a shot  
at Duncan, who ran down the street. An-  
derson's last night he is said to be one of  
charges for disorderly conduct, for which  
he will answer to the recorder Monday af-  
ternoon.

**TWO SACRED CONCERTS TODAY.**

Fifth Regiment Band Will Play at Ex-  
position and Grant Park.

The consolidated band will give two  
sacred concerts today.

The consolidated band will play at the  
Exposition park and tonight at Grant park.  
A splendid programme has been arranged  
for both concerts and the popular band  
will play a number of the latest songs at  
both places. The consolidated band will put  
on many extra cars to haul the people to the  
resorts and the delightful music of the band  
will be heard by many.

The consolidated band will run through cars  
to Grant park from Marietta street, West  
Peachtree and Peachtree streets. The usual  
splendid schedule from the south side to  
exposition park will be operated.

**DRUMMERS RETURN THANKS.**

Resolution Was Unanimously Adopted  
Last Night.

At a meeting of the City Salesmen Asso-  
ciation of Atlanta, held in the chamber of  
commerce last night, the following resolu-  
tions of thanks were unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the thanks of this asso-  
ciation are due, and are hereby tendered,  
to The Atlanta Constitution, Atlanta Jour-  
nal, Atlanta Commercial; also to Messrs S.  
H. Hardwick, assistant general passenger  
agent; W. D. Allen, district passenger  
agent; Mr. J. D. Ruden, traveling passen-  
ger agent; C. E. Seargent, Martin & Hay-  
ward, ticket agents, and to Mr. Beaupre,  
general superintendent of the Southern rail-  
way; Mr. Jack Clancy, manager Hotel St.  
Simons; Messrs. H. H. Raymond and Hop-  
kins, of the Cumberland route, for their  
urges on the occasion of our recent trip  
to St. Simons island, all of which will be  
gratefully remembered by each of us."

"Resolved further, That a copy of these  
resolutions be furnished to each of the  
gentlemen; also to the press of the city."

J. H. JOHNSON,  
C. H. BURKE,  
J. A. MORRIS,  
"Committee."

**Sacred Concerts at Ex-  
position Park this after-  
noon.**

The reporter Hurt said that he had  
last seen Robert at the ice house, he has  
left the boy there, as he expressed a  
desire to walk home alone. Gilver said  
that Robert Farthing was being made to  
do the work of a man on the farm, but  
yesterday Mr. Power showed the report  
card of the boy, who was a pupil in Form-  
walt street school, and the card showed  
that Robert had been on the roll of honor  
every month since January last. Mr. Pow-  
er says that this should show that the  
boy was not being made to work.

Gilver stated that Robert was given  
only enough clothes to protect his body,  
but yesterday Mr. Power produced several  
suits of fine clothing which the boy had  
ready for use and which he did use con-  
stantly.

**Boy's Mother Heard From.**  
Robert had no inducement to run away  
to his mother's home just at this time,  
when he knew that it was the intention  
of Mr. and Mrs. Power to take him there in  
the course of a few weeks, as they do ev-  
ery summer. In speaking of the case yester-  
day Mr. Power said he believed the boy  
had been kidnapped.

Yesterday morning a letter arrived at  
the postoffice which, in the mind of Mr.  
Power, does away with all other theories  
than the one that the boy was stolen from  
the farm and is now being held for some  
criminal purpose. It was a letter from  
the mother of the boy, Mrs. E. H. Far-  
thing, of Lenoir, Va. It will be remem-  
bered that Gilver said that the letter con-  
taining the ten-dollar bill and instructions  
to come home at once arrived on the morn-  
ing of July 23d, and therefore it must have  
been mailed not later than July 20th.

Yesterday there came a letter addressed  
to Mr. F. G. Power, which was mailed on  
July 21st—two days later than the ten-dol-  
lar bill letter—and it contained nothing  
that even hinted that Mrs. Farthing de-  
sired Robert to leave his uncle. In fact,  
the letter spoke of the intended visit of the  
Power family to Virginia, and the writer  
hoped it would not be long deferred.

**Who Mr. Power Is.**  
Mr. Power is a wealthy man. He has  
been a civil engineer for years, and while  
he has made no immense fortune, yet he  
is comfortably situated and would be a  
good man for kidnappers to try the ransom  
dodge on. He and his brother, who is a  
noted divine of Washington, D. C., have  
been the main support of their widowed  
sister, Mrs. Farthing, for years, and it was  
on this account that Mr. Power undertook  
to rear Robert.

He has always been on terms of the  
closest relationship with his sister, and

## Atlanta Gas Light Co.

BROAD AND ALABAMA.

Eleven Reasons Why Gas Should Be Used as Fuel in Cooking  
Stoves in Preference to Any Other Form of Fuel.

1. If no one encouraged inventors we would still be sewing with needle and thread. The Gas Stove is the invention of a genius you want to encourage it.
2. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Are you clean with ashes in your hair, over your dress, and your hands roughened with soot?
3. As a matter of economy you need a Gas Stove; add the handling of your ashes to the cost of your coal and wood and see.
4. You can procure a more even heat with a Gas Stove than is possible with coal.
5. In case of sudden sickness you can have boiling water in a few minutes with a Gas Stove. Your patient might die while waiting for the kettle to boil if you use coal.
6. Do you realize what a burning, fiery furnace your kitchen is with a Gas Stove you can cool your kitchen in a few minutes.
7. You can save time in using a Gas Stove. You can lie in bed longer in the morning, and linger longer over the breakfast counters in the afternoon.
8. A Gas Stove is a muscle saver. Did you ever think how many tons of coal and cords of wood you use in the kitchen, and then you handle it twice, in carrying it up out of the cellar, and then again to the ash barrel.
9. No one enjoys a coal-oil stove because of its offensive odor, and a gasoline stove because of the danger to life and property. A Gas



## Light Co.

AMA.

ed as Fuel in Cooking  
Form of Fuel.

ould still be sewing with  
the invention of a genius

you clean with ashes in  
lands roughened with it  
as Stove; add the haul  
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HOUSE MACHINE  
WAS IN FINE ORDER

Galleries Were Treated to a Fastidiously  
Useless Oratory.

CURRENCY COMMISSION BILL  
Speaker Affixes His Signature to the  
Dingley Bill.

THE SPECTATORS BECAME DEMONSTRATIVE  
President's Message on Monetary Com-  
mission Creates Enthusiasm Among  
the Republicans.

Washington, July 24.—The last session of  
the house was marked by many interesting  
events.

In addition to the final act of the speaker  
in affixing his signature to the Dingley  
tariff bill, a bill providing for the creation  
of a currency commission was passed.

The galleries were treated to a fastidiously  
useless oratory for several hours.

The house recessed until after the senate  
had adopted the conference report and one  
minute and thirty seconds after the house  
reopened.

The speaker announced that the conference  
report on the currency commission bill was  
signed and on its way to the president.

The demonstration which marked these events  
were enthusiastic. The galleries played a  
significant part in them. When the president's  
message came in recommending the creation  
of a currency commission, it was  
unanimously received by the republican leaders with  
great commotion.

By means of a special order, the Stone  
bill, introduced some days ago, was brought  
to a vote after an hour's debate. Consider-  
able feeling was manifested on both sides.

There were some sharp exchanges and some  
bitterness was displayed. There was, of  
course, the usual attempt to make political  
capital out of the situation, but all realized  
that the bill would not pass the senate  
and to that extent the debate lacked seri-  
ousness. Still, the republican leaders felt  
they were doing their duty. When the vote  
was taken the republican side won.

The speaker announced the appointment  
of the currency commission. The republican  
side won.

Major Pruden announced a message from  
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the secretary of the senate, who called the  
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SENATE PASSED  
THE TARIFF BILL

Smashed Into McKinley's Mes-  
sage, However.

SENT IT TO REST IN COMMITTEE  
There Was No Excitement When the  
Tariff Bill Passed.

IT BECAME A LAW SHORTLY AFTER  
Senators Adjourned Last Night After  
Some Sharp Speeches—They Were  
All Glad To Get Away  
from the Worry of the  
Special Session.

Washington, July 24.—The tariff bill passed  
its last legislative stage at 3 p. m. today.  
When the senate by the decisive vote of  
49 to 30 agreed to the conference report on  
the bill.

The announcement of the result was  
greeted with enthusiastic applause by the  
crowded chamber. This closed the great  
labor for which the fifty-fifth congress  
assembled in extraordinary session and after  
several months of hard work, the senate  
stubborn resistance, at times threatening  
a deadlock, the senate concurred with the  
house in a resolution for the final adjourn-  
ment of the session at 9 o'clock tonight.

The sugar trust's hidden hand.  
An hour after the president's signature  
made it a law.

The president's message for a currency  
commission was received, but the house  
bill creating the commission was not acted  
upon.

Thus the closing day was prolific of a series  
of momentous events, each of which  
would have been of extraordinary interest.

An analysis of the vote shows that the  
affirmative vote was cast by thirty-seven  
republicans, one democrat (McHenry), one  
silver republican (Jones of Nevada), and  
one populist (Stewart).

The negative vote was cast by twenty-eight democrats and  
two populists, Harris and Turner. Mr. Teller,  
silver republican, and two populists,  
Allen and Butler, were present and did not  
vote. One populist (Kyle) and one silver  
republican (Pettigrew) were absent without  
leave, which was equivalent to withholding  
their vote.

Early in the day the debate was listless,  
though enlivened at times with virulent  
criticisms by Mr. Allen and by a speech  
from Burrows, of the finance committee.  
Messrs. Caffery, Morgan and Stewart occu-  
pied the time up to 3 o'clock when the  
vote was promptly taken.

Then came a long parliamentary battle  
over final adjournment. The opposition en-  
deavored to score a point by compelling a  
vote on laying the president's message be-  
fore the senate and succeeding in this, at-  
tacked the majority for refusing to act on  
the president's recommendation.

The main desire of those opposing ad-  
journment was to secure a vote on the  
tariff resolution calling on the president  
to stop the sale of the Hawaiian islands  
in the Union Pacific railroad. For four  
hours an acrimonious parliamentary con-  
test was waged, gradually the tactics of  
the opposition were overcome and shortly  
after 9 o'clock Mr. Morgan withdrew  
further opposition and the final adjournment  
was passed. Compliance with the  
resolutions to the vice president, Mr.  
Hobart, were adopted and at 9 o'clock the  
final scene was enacted by the formal ad-  
journment of the session.

The Morning Session.  
Only eleven senators were on hand when  
the session opened and several of these  
busied themselves with clearing out their  
desks preparing for departure. The doors  
were opened at 9 o'clock, a. m., and Mr.  
Allen, of Nebraska, resumed his speech in  
opposition to the tariff conference report.

Mr. Allen criticized the effects of the bill  
on the sugar industry, and declared that  
required by them for fences, on which they  
were placed by the bill at the cold-hearted  
mercy of the barbed wire trust. On the  
other hand, he declared the money sharks  
of Wall street had already juggled \$2,000,000  
out of the mere knowledge that the sugar  
schedule would be adopted.

Mr. Caffery, of Louisiana, followed in  
criticism of the sugar schedule. He stated  
that ships from all parts of the world were  
hurry to get to the coast to avoid the duties  
of the bill. Already eight months' supply  
had been brought in, thus cutting off govern-  
ment revenue to that extent and giving enormous profits to the  
trust.

Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, a member of  
the finance committee, then took the floor  
for one of the few speeches from the republi-  
can side of the chamber, speaking at  
length in defense of the tariff schedule. Mr.  
Morgan, democrat, of Alabama, then spoke  
in consideration of abandoning stock and  
bond stamp tax. He said its alleged un-  
constitutionality was a fiction that had  
been overthrown by a score of laws.

Sugar Trust's Hidden Hand.  
Mr. Morgan stated that the abandonment  
of the stamp tax on bonds and stocks was  
in the interests of the New York trust. Im-  
mediately that conference report became  
known sugar stock went up with a bound  
until it was said \$300,000 had been made.  
The meaning of this he said, was that the  
speculators felt secure that their stock  
transfers were to continue without tribute.

"And I charge," exclaimed Mr. Morgan  
vehemently, "that the abandonment oc-  
curred under the command of the sugar  
trust."

At 2:40 o'clock p. m. Mr. Stewart, of  
Nevada, took the floor. He said the tariff  
could not alleviate the distress of the  
country, and he urged that the main in-  
justice of the tariff was that it placed the  
burden of the duties and burdens it carried.  
The time for the final vote was now al-  
most at hand, and there was an air of  
eager expectancy throughout the chamber.

The senators came from the cloakroom and  
lobbies until there was hardly a vacant seat  
on either side of the chamber. Mr. Dingley,  
the author of the bill, was present, as were  
also other members of the ways and means  
committee, and many of the rank and file  
of the house filled the rear areas, making  
a semi-circle of earnest faces fronting the  
presiding officer.

The galleries had filled to overflowing,  
with a steady representation of ladies.  
But few of the foreign representatives

## TARIFF SESSION OF CONGRESS ENDED

President McKinley Signed the Duty-  
Laden Dingley Bill.

The Senate Sidetracked the Monetary  
Commission Plan.

Speaker Reed Has Announced His Com-  
mittee Appointments.

MCKINLEY MADE THE BILL  
A LAW WITH DINGLEY'S PEN

Washington, July 24.—The Dingley tariff  
bill is now the law of the land.

The step necessary was taken at the  
white house when the president affixed  
his signature at 4:04 o'clock today.

The members of the cabinet who are  
about half past 3 o'clock and assembled  
with the president in the cabinet room.  
A few moments before 4 o'clock Repre-  
sentative Dingley appeared accompanied  
by Representative Hager, chairman of  
the house committee on enrolled bills.

They were admitted at once into the  
presence of Mr. McKinley. The latter was  
sitting at the long cabinet table with  
Secretary Gago and Attorney General Mc-  
Kenna, and Postmaster General Gary and  
Secretary Wilson. He greeted Mr. Dingley  
and Mr. Hager cordially.

Mr. Dingley produced a beautiful pen  
and requested that it be used for the  
signature. The president accepted it, ap-  
pended his signature to the bill, asked the  
date, and wrote "July 24th, approved,"  
and the bill was an act.

There were several secretaries of the  
Japanese and Spanish legations being the  
only occupants of the diplomatic gallery.  
At five minutes of 3 Mr. Stewart was still  
speaking. He proceeded leisurely on gen-  
eral tariff and financial topics, continuing  
until the hour for the final vote.

Vote Proceeded Rapidly.  
Promptly at 3 o'clock the vice president  
announced that the time for the final  
vote had arrived and directed the roll call  
to begin. It proceeded rapidly and with  
few interruptions for pairs. At 3:38 the  
result was announced—yeas 40, nays 30.

Yeas—Aldrich, Allison, Baker, Burrows,  
Carter, Clark, Davis, Deboe, Ellkins, Har-  
rison, Jones of Arkansas, Lindsey, Mc-  
Henry, McMillin, Morrill, Nelson, Penrose,  
Perkins, Platts, Spooner, Quay, Sew-  
ell, Shoup, Stewart, Thurston, Warren,  
Wheeler, Wilson, Yates, Berry, Caffery, Chil-  
ton, Clay, Cockrell, Daniel, Faulkner, Gor-  
ham, Harris, Jones of Nevada, Lindsay,  
Mallory, Martin, Mills, Mitchell, Morgan,  
Murphy, Packer, Pettigrew, Rogers, Teller,  
Tillman, Turner, Vest, Walcott and White—30.

Nays—Burrows, Bate, Berry, Caffery, Chil-  
ton, Clay, Cockrell, Daniel, Faulkner, Gor-  
ham, Harris, Jones of Arkansas, Lindsey,  
Mallory, Martin, Mills, Mitchell, Morgan,  
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There was sharp discussion as to the  
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Mr. Morgan then went into executive  
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"DIED OF INANITION" SAYS  
OHL OF THE SPECIAL SESSION

Washington, July 24.—(Special).—The  
special session of congress went out in a  
manner altogether uneventful. "Died of  
inanition" might be the verdict. There was  
far less demonstration than is usual  
and the applause which greeted the an-  
nouncement of the signing of the tariff  
bill had none of that life to it which has  
characterized other measures of similar  
character.

The republicans seem willing, by their  
actions if not their words, to acknowledge  
that they have failed. That parting bluff  
of the administration—the monetary com-  
mission message—came in in the dying  
moments. It was useful principally as  
drawing from Aldrich, leader of the sen-  
ate republicans, the frank acknowledgment  
that the republican senators had no ex-  
pectation and no desire to pass the bill  
recommended.

It was an open, unequivocal acknowl-  
edgment that McKinley's message is a bluff.  
That is all that can be made of it. The  
message is sent in for one reason and one  
only. Mark Hanna hopes to fool the vot-  
ers of Ohio by declaring that McKinley  
is carrying out his campaign promises  
on the currency question as well as on the  
tariff. He thought he could throw the  
blame for delay on the silver men. That











# The Constitution.

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W. A. HESPEL, Business Manager



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ATLANTA, GA., July 25, 1897.

## The Consolidated and the City.

Events of the past few months have impressed upon the public the idea that the city government has assumed a hostile attitude toward the Consolidated Street Railway Company, and that it has sought every opportunity to throw obstacles in its way. While the attitude of the city authorities has probably not gone to such unfriendly extent as is credited to it by public opinion, there is no doubt that the Consolidated company has materially suffered from the impression which has thus been conveyed. As is shown in Mr. Hurt's interview in yesterday's Constitution, the cash market value of the bonds of the company have shown a shrinkage in less than six weeks of more than \$100,000—a loss which cannot be attributed to bad management; for whatever may be said against the Consolidated, its management cannot be charged with inefficiency.

The fact that one of the features of the transfer fight was a proposition to dismember the company by declaring that the consolidation of the various lines forming it was illegal, contributed largely to the public idea of the extreme hostility of the city authorities. Everybody knows that the first result of the dismemberment of the company, as was proposed, and the creation of independent lines, each operated under separate management, with separate power houses and with schedules arranged without system or co-ordination, would have been an increase in the transportation charges now paid by the people of Atlanta; and instead of obtaining transfers, double fares would have been exacted from them by the breaking-up of the cross-town service. Not only this, but other things have contributed to emphasize the apparent hostility of the city authorities—the Consolidated company—an institution whose operation is closely identified with the comfort and convenience of nearly one hundred thousand people.

The Constitution believes that the Consolidated company, and other institutions of like character, should be held to strict accountability in the performance of their obligations to the city; but we do not believe that the right to "regulate" carries with it the right to harass and constantly embarrass by a systematic effort at extortion which apparently places the object of such hostility in the attitude of a public enemy. We believe that the Consolidated Railway Company has done a wonderful work in the development of the city, and that its management deserves praise instead of censure from the people. Nor do we believe that public sentiment approves the constant effort to make it appear that the city and the Consolidated must live in a state of perpetual warfare.

In this connection, The Constitution takes occasion to commend the conservatism of the statement of Mr. Joel Hurt as published yesterday. He shows that a year ago the Consolidated was running eight cross-town routes—now it is operating ten. "As business increases and the company can afford to run more cars," continued Mr. Hurt, "it is part of our present plan to establish other cross-town connections for the city until there may be fifteen or twenty cross-town routes." Continuing, Mr. Hurt extends the assurance that, as the cross-town facilities are increased, transfers could be introduced with less risk or loss to the company, and he gives the assurance that as soon as possible they will be granted at points where the system can be operated without loss to the company. He asks that the people of Atlanta co-operate with the company in endeavoring to perfect the service; and we believe that it will be better for all concerned for the company to be treated with reasonable consideration than to have it kept in a state of constant anxiety and in ever-

lasting dread of antagonism and attack.

The Constitution does not wish to be understood as urging a policy which would release the Consolidated, or any other company, from its full obligation to the city, either as to adequate schedules, payment for paving, or any other reasonable or just exaction that the city has a right to make. But there is a limit to all things; and the Consolidated company is too important a factor in the development of the city for it to be further injured without protest, and in the name of the city.

Now that the courts have decided the issues which have been under consideration for the past few weeks, and which have not been discussed by The Constitution while in the courts, it is time for the mayor and city council to put a stop to the warfare which is wrecking the securities of the company, and which is costing the city a snug sum for attorneys' fees, in addition to the amount paid annually by the city for attention to its litigation. The Consolidated, through its management, has extended every assurance that it is doing its best to meet every public demand, and it should at least be given a fair opportunity to carry out its plans, which, it developed as proposed, will be abundantly satisfactory to every reasonable man.

## A Word with DeKalb County.

The trial of Flanagan, the DeKalb county murderer, will be called tomorrow morning at Decatur. There have been rumblings from the neighborhood of Decatur which we believe have done great injustice to the conservative and law-abiding people of that community. We believe that Flanagan was in no real danger of violence from mob law while confined in the DeKalb jail and that it was the duty of the sheriff to the people of DeKalb county to have kept him there; and had it been necessary, he had defended him from attack by mob violence—of which, we are not, doubt, grossly exaggerated. If it is true that Flanagan had to be brought to Atlanta for safe-keeping and that the DeKalb jail could not have held him against mob law, the credit to the community is not as much as the law has been overriden by the illegal trial set for tomorrow.

DeKalb county is notably one of the most conservative counties in Georgia, and its standard of good citizenship is second to that of no community in the state. A word, therefore, to the good people of that county:

By due process of law, effort will be made tomorrow to fix the guilt or ascertain the innocence of the man who is to be brought before the bar of justice. It is the duty of the prisoner's attorneys to see to it that their client is tried in strict accordance with the law of the state. Not only is this the duty of the attorneys in the case, but it is likewise the duty of the judge; and whatever may be the result—whether in the nature of delay, or otherwise—the people of the county should see to it that it is accepted, so long as it is reached by due process of law.

No fact has ever been more clearly established than that the criminal laws of the state must be revised; but this cannot be done until the assembling of the legislature, when, in response to the demand of public sentiment, of the press, and of the State Bar Association, we are confident that action will be taken to remedy existing deficiencies and to put a stop to perpetual continuances, and to the everlasting repetition of trials on immaterial grounds.

In the meantime, the people must submit to the law as it is. As The Carrollton Free Press strongly puts it: "If your law is wrong, submit to it; or as divine injunction puts it in substance: 'Be subject to the powers that be,' can change the law as soon as you can. That is the right law. It is our only safety."

## The Improvement of Whitehall.

The committee of citizens appointed at the recent meeting of the property owners of Whitehall street to secure donations of frontage on each side of the street, for the purpose of widening that part of the avenue between Windsor street and the Central railroad, has taken its work actively in hand and has made commendable progress during the past week.

There now seems to be no doubt that most of the frontage along the part of the street it is proposed to widen will be donated. Indeed, about two-thirds of the frontage has already been signed, and the committee will continue its work actively during the coming week; and it is probable that its report will be presented to the next meeting of the council, at which time the city can give the proposed improvement such preliminary consideration as is necessary.

As has been frequently stated by The Constitution, the success of the movement depends almost entirely upon the property owners of the street. With their co-operation there is not a shadow of doubt that the street will be widened ten feet, and that it will thus become one of the most attractive residence avenues of the city. Without their co-operation, the movement will be a failure—a result which will be in the nature of a public calamity, not only to the street, but to the whole city. While most of the property owners have signed with praiseworthy promptness, there are a few who have not yet given the committee their answer, but who will do so in the next few days. To them we again urge the importance of co-operation. There is not a foot of property on the street that will not be greatly improved by the widening of the street, and the donation of five feet by any property owner should be of trivial consideration as compared with the increased advantages which will be assured in the transformation of the avenue from a narrow and inconvenient thoroughfare to a wide and attractive

avenue which will invite travel from every part of the city.

It is earnestly to be hoped that, when the committee is ready to report to the council, it will be prepared to extend the assurance that every property owner is willing to do his part in donating the necessary frontage, if the city will undertake the work with this as a basis.

We are glad to know that Mayor Collier has given his assurance of support to the movement to widen the street. We felt certain that on his return to the city, personal examination would satisfy him of the importance of the movement and secure his hearty co-operation. The assistance of the mayor and of Councilman Peters, chairman of the finance committee, means a great deal, and it is gratifying to know that at the proper time both can be depended upon to do their part in contributing to the success of this important public improvement.

## A Tribute to Atlanta.

The old saying that all roads lead to Rome is becoming equally true of Atlanta.

It is a tribute to the conservative spirit of the people of this city that whenever a criminal in any part of the state outrages public opinion he is rushed to Atlanta "for safe-keeping." This action is due to the knowledge that Atlanta is a law-abiding city, where perfect safety exists for all. It is not only from small towns where jail facilities are inferior that these prisoners come, but even from such cities as Macon, whose population of 50,000 and whose strong jail walls should be supposed to be sufficient for the protection of prisoners.

The reputation which has thus been built up for the capital city of the state is one which cannot fail to be beneficial to it, and must, in time, act as an object lesson which will be followed in other places. Observance of the law, its strict enforcement and the conservatism of the people, are elements which, when brought together, give strength and stability to any community. These qualities we have in Atlanta, and this is the reason why we so often read of taking a prisoner to Atlanta for safe-keeping.

## A Great Thing for Georgia.

The story told elsewhere, of the wonderful development made in fruit growing by Mr. John P. Fort, is one which will attract the attention of the state.

Mr. Fort was the singular faculty of thinking out the reason for what he sees. Not content with the knowledge that there are places where fruit grows, he has destroyed the old Georgia peach, he ventured into the debatable ground of the reason why. This question led him into an investigation from which he evolved the theory that there are conflicting currents of air in certain places, which render impossible the growth of fruit. To test the experiment he selected a mountain ridge near Mount Airy, 2,200 feet above sea level.

As every one knows, the general fruit crop of the present year has fallen far short because of the frosts of last winter. Strange to say, every one of Mr. Fort's peach trees, which were planted with the choicest and most luscious peaches. These peaches have changed from the unpleasant yellow hue of elsewhere into coats of the most alluring red, furnishing not only proof of growth, but owing to atmospheric influences the development of a new peach. For this reason, the Georgia peach, the backbone of Georgia, outlined in the map published with the article, may be found areas where the same conditions exist.

The work done by Mr. Fort has been that of a thinker and a scientist, and will be a landmark in the history of Georgia, as his immortal achievement in giving pure water to South Georgia. The work of such men cannot be estimated in money, as it is so universal in its scope as to be beyond computation.

## A Business Matter.

In reference to the building of the proposed Atlanta and Selma railroad, concerning which The Constitution has already published much, and of which much is being said along the line of the proposed route, we are of the opinion that, if it can be shown that the road could be made a profitable investment, it is a business matter, pure and simple. It is a business matter, pure and simple. It is a business matter, pure and simple.

There are those who think the building of the proposed road unnecessary, and who feel that money invested in it would be thrown away. On the other hand, the advocates of the road are enthusiastic in their claims, holding that the construction of the road would fill a long felt want, and that the rich agricultural section traversed by the line would, in addition to the strategic advantages offered to the city, its Selma and Atlanta, be made to make it a good business investment from the start.

The business men of Atlanta are asked to contribute to the proposed road. They should give the matter careful consideration, and act accordingly.

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the four counsel present were fully capable of carrying on the case, but here again there was a senseless fetter placed upon him which he could not throw off. The law demanded continuance in the absence of leading counsel and the judge had to grant it.

Hence it is that the press of Georgia are calling for reform—such reform as will prevent ever-recurring delays. To say that a defendant with five able lawyers defending him cannot safely go to trial because one is sick, would be equally as good carried a little further when, in the event of the death of that lawyer, he might ask a nolle prosequi on the ground that the only lawyer whom he was willing to trust had joined the silent majority. The people do not ask that the rights or privileges of a man on trial shall be bridged one iota. They are willing, if possible, to add to his rights and privileges, but they will add these rights and privileges for the purpose of trial and not of delay.

Therefore, there can be no criticism passed upon Judge Hart. He did his duty, not, perhaps as he would have done had the making of the law been in his power, but as it was already marked out for him in the code of Georgia. It is the book that must be changed—the judges will do their duty when senseless fetters are removed from their wrists.

## SPECIAL COMMITTEE REPORTS.

### Condition of the Dispensary Is Shown Governor Ellerbe.

Columbia, S. C., July 24.—(Special.)—Today the special legislative examining committee charged with the quarterly investigation into the condition of the dispensary, completed its labors and filed its report with Governor Ellerbe.

The report is somewhat fuller than usual, and contains a number of interesting statistics. It shows that the number of patients treated during the last quarter was 1,200, and that the total amount for the last quarter being but a little over \$10,000.

The following, at the close of the report, indicates a note for the dispensary to be prepared for: "We find that the stock of bottles on hand July 1st amounts to \$46,000. We recommend that the board do not purchase any more bottles until the average stock carried by the state dispensary is about \$100,000 and in the county dispensaries it is about \$200,000. We suggest the advisability of a material decrease in the above amount. We further suggest that the state board of control consider the propriety of reducing the price of such liquors as have been on hand for some time, and prove unsalable."

## NEGROES WANT TO LYNCH NEGRO

### Johnson Brought To Bay Pooled Pistols and Showed Fight.

Wilmington, N. C., July 24.—(Special.)—George M. Johnson, a negro desperado, who assaulted a colored woman this morning before day, was charged to New York, about five miles from the city, and captured about 5 o'clock by deputy sheriffs. Johnson drew his pistol, but was overpowered and lodged in jail.

## MOBILE GETS IMPROVEMENTS.

### Railroad Will Build a Large Depot Covering a Block.

Mobile, Ala., July 24.—(Special.)—The Mobile and Ohio closed a property deal here today, by which the latter is to build a new depot, occupying space one block wide with other improvements.

## FOUR BOYS DYING OF LOCKJAW.

### Quartet of Chattanooga Youngsters Step on Rusted Nails.

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 24.—(Special.)—Illustrative of the strange freaks that accident sometimes plays the following instances are rather remarkable.

George Fisher, Jack Kicks, Fred Kessler and John Shumaker, four boys ranging in age from ten to twelve years, and all four living within a block of each other, ran rusted nails into their bare feet during the past week and all four are now at the point of death from lockjaw.

## Cleveland Is Responsible.

### From The Sparta, Ga., Ishmellita.

Whatever credit or discredit attaches to the coming of the late of Cleveland, Ohio, to Cleveland, his influence, thrown into the McKinley scales, defeated Bryan, and that made an infamous tariff a certainty.

## The Heart and the Tongue.

### Not far apart lived Tongue and Heart.

In fact, they were related. Their words were what they thought, and sometimes they debated. They undertook, beside a brook, One day to woo a maiden. Then Tongue was bold and warmly told How Heart with love was laden.

## STANTON'S COLUMN.

### With Letty's Hand in Mine.

Just a little plot of ground—a morning glory vine,  
A rose or two—a heart that's true, and Letty's hand in mine!  
But sweet the birds are singing and fair the bright stars shine.  
And all life's bells are ringing, and Letty's hand in mine!

Just a little plot of ground, where lights and shadows flit;  
But Love, who roams the world around, has found the way to it!  
No gems or gold that spot may hold, but when the bright stars shine  
The sweetest story still is told with Letty's hand in mine!

Just a little plot of ground—but far away I see  
A little hand that trains the rose and kisses it for me;  
And sings my heart the whole day long: "When evening lights shall shine,  
We'll meet and sing the evensong with Letty's hand in mine!"

Just a little spot of ground—but dearer far to me  
For just a little woman's love, than all the world could give me;  
And still the birds are singing, and fair the bright stars shine,  
And sweet the bells are ringing, and Letty's hand in mine!

## Justice in Billville.

### "This is the prisoner's third trial," said the judge.

"The counsel for the defense has a pain in his right side, your honor, and asks a continuance until he can apply a mustard plaster." "Has he no representative here?" "He had one, your honor, but he sprained his ankle trying to reach the case." "Are the witnesses present?"

"No, your honor. One of them telegraphs that his roomer failed to close for day. The other is a drunkard; another failed to wind up his alarm clock, and still another has a thirty-day note to meet in another county."

## A Georgia Author, who is now in New York, has high hopes for his future there.

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## No Trouble with England.

### After the howling and growling.

The fussing, the pointing, the stamping and shouting. The fur will not fly—will not fly!

Mr. Charles L. Holsten's spirited poem, "Crying Half-Way," contributed to The Courier-Journal at the time of the Grand Army of the Republic national encampment at Louisville, has been issued in artistic form by Indianapolis publishers. Here is a verse of it:

"Lo, East is West, and North is South,  
And the bravest forget the names of all;  
The last shot is wedged in the cannon's mouth,  
And the happy hills echo our bugle call.  
We are coming halfway to meet you."

A writer in The Nashville Christian Advocate informs us that Tennyson was very much of a poet, and that he is "tired of the Tennyson fad"—whatever that may be.

Well, there is no reason in the world why he shouldn't go off somewhere and rest; and, judging from his article, he needs rest.

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If that man hasn't got a monument over him the state should vote him one immediately.

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Doubtless the receiver is hugging it.

Why go to Alaska? Georgia has more gold to the minute than Alaska has to the mile.

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Let his light be beat;  
While the rose is sweet, Love,  
Wear it on thy breast.

Wear thou like a jewel  
Every flower of morn;  
Sweet, for all the cruel  
Crimson of the thorn.

Let no phantom merriment  
Life's day destroy;  
Let no song of sorrow  
Thrill the strings of joy.

Time by Fate is tended—  
Heedlessly he goes;  
Weeps not o'er the splendid  
Ruin of a rose.

Hear his sweet bells chime, Love;  
Then in gloom or gleam,  
Kind fate to him will come—  
Sleep and dream! and dream!

—F. L. S.

## A Brilliant Young Georgian.

From The Fort Valley, Ga., Leader.

The splendid address of Mr. Shelby Myrick before the Georgia editors at the banquet at Cuthbert last week stamps that young man as a leader in the fight for the recognition of the young man in the affairs of the day. Mr. Myrick's speech was judged by many to be the best speech of the occasion, and that's saying lots. The young man has a bright future before him.

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The Constitution continues the presentation of liberal extracts from the Georgia press in regard to the causes which led to the popular disapproval of current court methods. The overwhelming majority of the newspapers of the state unite that the law's delays have led to the present demoralization, and that there must be reform in the criminal law. The press speaks as follows:

From The Cartersville, Ga., News.  
The delay of the courts in meeting out punishment to a criminal who fails to pay a fine, is a crying evil. As it seemed to the people that Ryder's neck was in no danger as long as his money held out, they took the matter into their own hands with the above stated result.

From The Rockmart, Ga., State.  
A revision of the criminal law is needed, and until we have a revision lynchings will take the law in hand.

From The Oglethorpe, Ga., Echo.  
The Echo has recently heard that lynchings were due more to the tardiness of courts administering just punishment for crime. We all know full well that it is only necessary to have money to pay lawyers and they can spring technicalities and carry cases from one court to another until they are worn out and the accused is either not punished at all or receives punishment lighter than his crime would demand or would satisfy the outraged public.

From The Dallas, Ga., New Era.  
Just now accounts of lynchings are creating a furor in the mind of the public. In most instances—barring the one of Dr. Ryder—the lynchings are due to some black brute overstepping the bounds of reason. A sorrowful spectacle to look at, but it is inevitable. Just so long as our households are not subject to the effects of the law and depredations, then so long will simple though quick justice be meted out. Our advice to our colored friends is to exert more individualism in the future, and crime, and they will have no cause to grumble against man's inhumanity. The virtue of our women will not be preserved.

From The Darien, Ga., Gazette.  
The law's delay was the cause.

From The Carrollton, Ga., Times.  
Dr. Ryder and his lawyers had time to arrange his case since Worrill became unable to attend to his client's interest. Worrill has been sick since last December. Again Worrill's presence was necessary, when we look upon the array of legal talent the defense had. Dupont Querry was unable to take the leading role. There is not a better lawyer in the state than he. But Worrill's absence was necessary to protect the life of Dr. Ryder, as he and his friends, and the lawyer of Emma Owen met his just reward.

From The Jackson, Ga., Times.  
The recent lynching of Dr. Ryder over in Talbot county is but a verification of the statement made in The Jackson Times of a few weeks ago, that as long as a few "jerkies" lawyers are allowed to prolong cases before the courts of Georgia and delay trials, the law will prevail as the only recourse to justice, and it will continue to be resorted to in cases of emergency when a county is overrun by a family of lawless men.

A condemned murderer wrote the following letter, from jail, to his family: "I suppose the boys have all grown to manhood since I have been confined here. I am still living, please hunt him up and tell him I am curious to know how my new trial comes off, before I die. I know that the judge who sentenced me must have long since passed to his reward; but my lawyer, who is a young man at the time may still be living."

After the howling and growling and kicking their heels to the sky, The fussing, the pointing, the stamping and shouting. The fur will not fly—will not fly!

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## PERRY'S DAYS NOW NUMBER BUT 24

Murderer of Lanier Sentenced To  
Hang on August 18th.

IT FALLS ON A WEDNESDAY

Judge Candler Departs From the Friday  
Hanging Custom.

PERRY TAKEN TO DECATUR YESTERDAY

Quietly Slipped Out of Jail and Down  
to Decatur, Where He Is Quickly  
Sentenced—Takes It Calmly  
The Proceedings Were  
Very Cool.

H. S. Perry was quietly slipped from the  
Fulton county jail yesterday afternoon and  
hurriedly carried to Decatur, where he was  
sentenced to die on the gallows on Wednes-  
day, August 18th.

The re-sentencing came as a great sur-  
prise to both the public and Perry. It had  
been arranged with the utmost secrecy and  
ten minutes before Perry was taken out of  
the jail no one knew of the fact except the  
sheriff and court officers.

Perry was started when Sheriff Austin  
went to the jail at 3:30 o'clock and told  
him that he would have to go to Decatur  
to be sentenced. He couldn't understand  
the sudden action of the court and seemed  
dazed at first. Then he quickly made his  
preparations and in a few minutes was  
handcuffed and marched out between the  
sheriff and his armed deputy, Mr. Buchanan.

The sheriff carried his prisoner to the  
Boulevard by way of a back street. There  
he boarded the Consolidated car for Decatur  
and a few minutes before 4 o'clock the  
little party of the re-sentenced Decatur and  
went direct to the courthouse. At five  
minutes past 4 o'clock Judge Candler walk-  
ed into the courtroom and immediately  
called the court to order. He stated that  
the object of the convening of the court  
was to pass sentence upon the prisoner.

The first work done was to pass on the  
remittitur of the previous court and then  
the judge made the decision of the supreme  
court, that of his own court. It was the  
work of but a minute, for Solicitor Kim-  
sey to draw the order for this action. When  
the judge had arranged all preliminary de-  
tails for passing sentence, Mr. W. W. Bras-  
well, for the defense, arose and offered an  
objection to the passing of the sentence.

He based his objection on the ground that  
the judge could not legally pass sentence  
at a special term of court. The judge over-  
ruled this on the ground that it was an  
adjourned session and not a special term.

Perry Stands and Hears His Doom.

Perry was then told to stand up and re-  
ceive sentence. He promptly arose and  
stood facing the judge. There was nothing  
dramatic or impressive about the cere-  
mony. The courtroom was half full of  
curious negroes and white men, all of whom  
watched the prisoner with a singular inter-  
est. Perry watched the judge closely while  
that honorable official unfolded the paper  
on which were written the words of the  
death sentence.

The prisoner's face did not change when  
Judge Candler slowly read out the words  
which meant doom to the murderer. The  
judge announced that the prisoner should  
be hanged on Wednesday, August 18th, in  
the jailyard at Decatur.

When he had finished reading the words  
Perry sat down. Not a muscle of his face  
had moved. His features pale from con-  
sternation. He retained the same pale, the only  
noticeable movement was a quick, nervous  
twitching and clenching of the hands and  
even this involuntary contraction was con-  
tained in a few seconds. A minute later  
the prisoner spoke to some one near him  
in a low, steady voice and calmly said  
"I have nothing to say."

The sheriff and deputy quickly led him from  
the room and down to the car line, where  
he was placed on board a car and brought  
back to Atlanta, where he will be kept un-  
til the day of his execution.

No Signs of a Mob.

There were no signs of a mob at Decatur.  
The usual Saturday afternoon crowd of  
curious men and negroes was present,  
but no excitement was demonstrated. The  
only manifestation was surprise at the un-  
looked for occurrence.

The sentencing of Perry was the result  
of a decision suddenly formed in Judge  
Candler's mind yesterday morning. He ar-  
rived in the city yesterday morning and at  
the time of his arrival he had no idea of  
sentencing Perry. A few minutes later he  
learned that the remittitur in the case had  
been sent down by the supreme court and  
he at once decided that in view of the fact  
that Flanagan was to be tried next week  
he would pass sentence on Perry this  
week. About 10 o'clock Solicitor Kimsey  
came into the judge's office and asked that  
Perry be sentenced yesterday. Judge Can-  
dler soon summoned Sheriff Austin and  
Deputy Sheriff Buchanan and instructed  
them that the re-sentencing would be done  
at 4 o'clock.

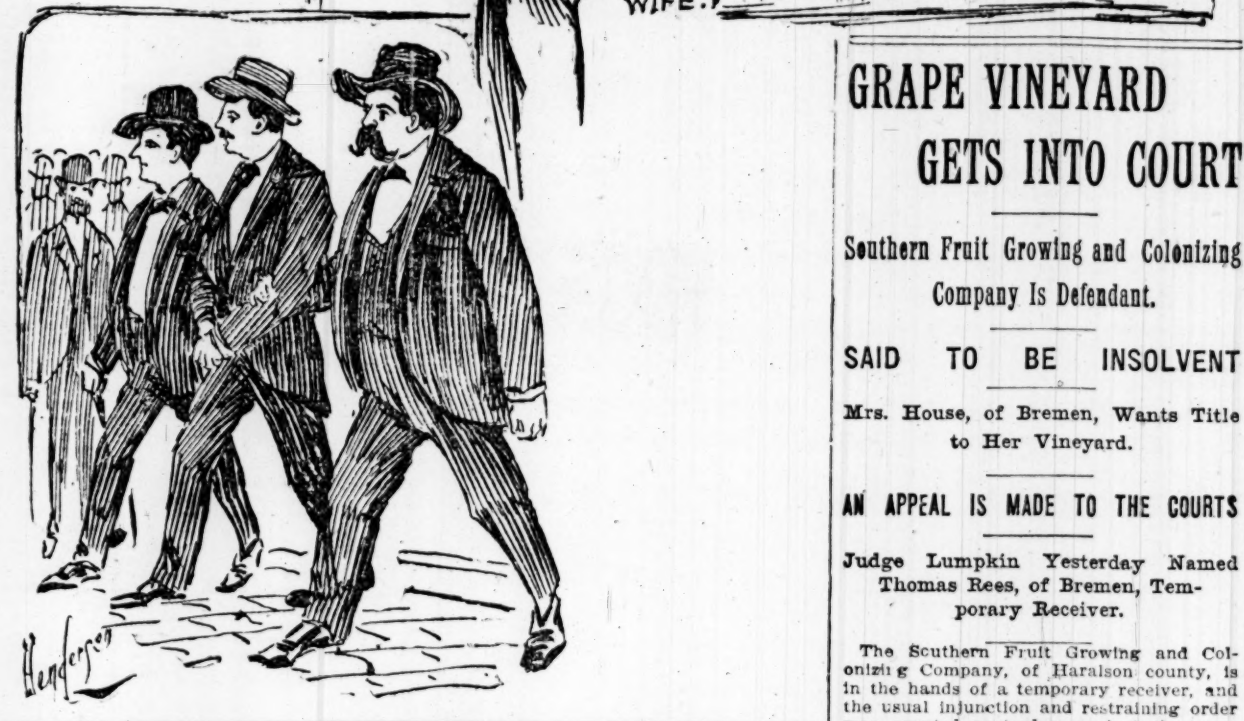
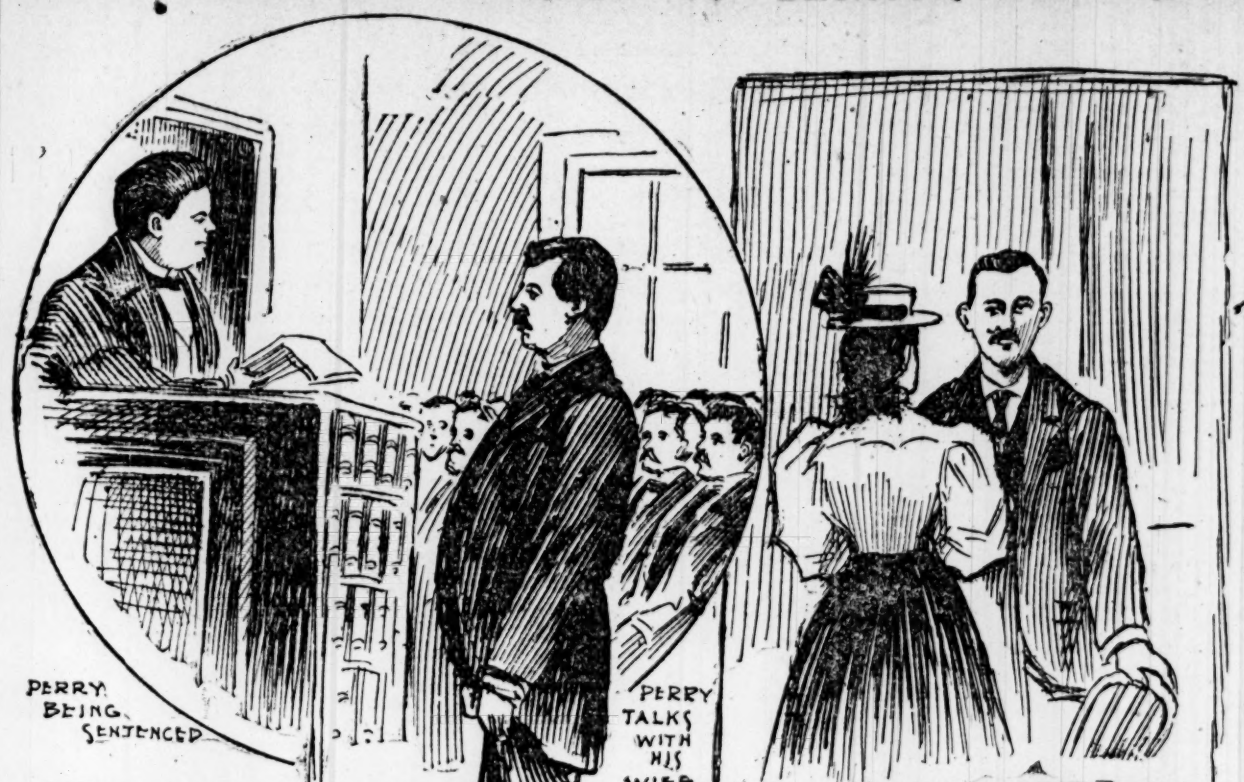
The greatest secrecy was observed about  
the entire affair and only seven men knew  
that the prisoner was to be re-sentenced.  
The officers were instructed to tell no one  
on account of the possibility of a mob.

Judge Candler said that he thought it  
wiser to pass sentence on the prisoner yes-  
terday, so as not to have such an excit-  
ing take place at the Flanagan trial next  
week. He thought that it might possibly  
have an influence on a jury and he wanted  
no such possible influence. He notified  
all of the attorneys in the case nearly  
enough for them to get ready for the ac-  
tion of court.

Wednesday, Not Friday.

Perry's execution will be the first to  
take place on a day other than Friday  
since the hanging of Tom Woolfolk, at Ma-

## PERRY'S FATEFUL JOURNEY TO DECATUR YESTERDAY.



con, which occurred on Wednesday. It will  
be one of the very few that ever occurred  
in Georgia on a day other than the pre-  
vailing black Friday.

Judge Candler stated that his reason for  
setting the day of the execution on Wednes-  
day was to make an effort to uphold the  
old superstition about Friday being an  
unlucky day. He says that the custom  
of hanging on Friday is simply an estab-  
lished superstition and is not based on the  
slightest law.

Under the sentence Perry has but twenty-  
four days to live and it seems now that  
there is not the slightest possibility of his  
escape from the gallows. His attorney, Mr.  
W. W. Braswell, will not say what moves  
will now be made in the case. He says  
that he has never wanted to have a fed-  
eral question in the case and never ex-  
pected to carry it to the supreme court of

the United States. Mr. Braswell felt hurt  
at an article in The Constitution to the  
effect that he and his brother attorneys  
had, through over confidence, failed to in-  
ject a federal issue into the case. Of course,  
no reflection upon Mr. Braswell or the other  
attorneys in the case, was intended, and  
the statement was simply made on the  
strength of a statement given out by the  
leading attorney for Perry, which was to  
the effect that he would carry the case to  
the supreme court of the United States.

Will Apply for New Trial.

Perry's attorneys will, in all probability,  
first appeal for a new trial on the grounds  
of newly discovered evidence, and Judge  
Candler will promptly overrule the motion.  
The attorneys will then appeal to Governor  
Atkinson for a commutation of sentence.  
The governor is the only power that can  
save Perry, and it will remain with him  
whether or not Perry dies on Wednesday,  
August 18th.

PROF. WHITE IS HOME AGAIN.

Georgian Is Now President of the Col-  
lege of Presidents.

Athens, Ga., July 24.—(Special.)—Pres-  
ident H. C. White, of the State College of  
Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, has re-  
turned from Minneapolis, Minn., where  
he attended the session of the college pre-  
sidents of the United States.

While there he was highly honored by  
being chosen president of that distinguish-  
ed body for the ensuing year.

President White has everything connect-  
ed with the State College of Agriculture  
ready for the inspection of the Blacklock  
committee, which arrives here Monday to  
commence the work of investigation here.

Sacred Concerts at Ex-  
position Park this after-  
noon.

PLANAGAN ENJOYS A CIGARETTE

EDWARD FLANAGAN, AS HE APPEARED YESTERDAY.

A Sketch From Life Made at the County Jail Yesterday by Mr.  
Wilkinson.

COMMITTEE AT MILLEDGEVILLE.

Blalock and His Associates Complete  
Work at Old Capital.

Milledgeville, Ga., July 24.—(Special.)—  
The Blalock committee has been at work  
at the asylum since Wednesday. Judge  
Boynton did not accompany the commit-  
tee and Mr. Little was compelled to leave  
for Atlanta yesterday afternoon.

The result of the work is conceded by  
them all to be a complete and perfect proof  
of the excellence of the system of conduct-  
ing the business of the institution from  
every point of view. The members of the in-  
vestigating committee are proving their  
statement that they purpose to make a  
thorough examination of all the state in-  
stitutions.

At the asylum they took every voucher  
and item of the past twelve months' opera-  
tions. They examined in detail, with  
the greatest care, and the result made a  
perfect showing for every cent of the ap-  
propriation of nearly three hundred thou-  
sand dollars. So far as can be learned noth-  
ing developed by the committee's examina-  
tion has suggested a criticism by them.

## FLANAGAN GOES TO TRIAL MONDAY

He Will Face His Fate Before a  
Jury Tomorrow.

WILL BE TRIED FOR HIS LIFE

He Nervously Awaits the Coming of the  
Day That Decides His Fate.

SAYS THAT HE IS CERTAIN TO HANG

The Trial Will Most Likely Consume  
the Entire Week in Being Heard.  
Many Witnesses Have Been  
Summoned to Appear  
in the Case.

Shuddering with fear and mortal dread,  
E. C. Flanagan is waiting for the morrow  
when he will have to face a jury of De-  
Kalb county citizens and answer for the  
murder of two helpless women.

The trial is not what is dreaded by the  
prisoner, but the keen gnawing fear of the  
mob is still tormenting him with its sharp  
weird horrors. The removal to Fulton jail  
acted as a whirlwind of fearful ex-  
pectancy to stir into a froth of nervous  
frenzy the already terrible anxiety he felt  
for his fate. He is firmly convinced that  
he would have been lynched had he not  
been removed.

He spent the day in the Fulton jail yester-  
day in a state of half way between men-  
tal collapse and the climax of nervous  
energy. Part of the while he sat as one  
dead to what was going on around him,  
springing up alert and watchful. He slept  
part of the day, but it was a dozing, stu-  
pid languor brought on by exhaustion and  
loss of sleep. He slept none on the night  
of his removal and yesterday at no time  
was he soundly sleeping.

Flanagan is a great reader. He has been  
reading The Constitution every morning,  
and the numerous accounts of lynchings  
have driven him to a belief that he will  
be most certainly lynched. His attorneys  
cannot convince him that he will be pro-  
tected.

Flanagan's Morbid Dread.

One circumstance which Flanagan quotes  
is to him a positive proof that he will be  
hanged by a mob. He says that the other  
day he was in his cell at Decatur and he  
heard some negro women washing clothes  
just below the cell and talking. He says  
that the negroes said:

"Well, they've hanged Terrell Hudson  
because he was a negro, and now we are  
going to lynch Flanagan."

He contends that the negro women said  
a great deal more, and he is convinced  
that his days on earth will be few and that  
he will be swung up by a lynching party  
just as he has dreamed so often.

Flanagan says that he will be found  
guilty. He has all along said that he  
wanted to be tried so that he could get

out of jail. Now he says he will never  
get out of jail except to be hanged. He  
says that if he is not found guilty and  
hanged by the sheriff, he will be lynched,  
and he thinks he will be lynched any-  
way, just to please the mob.

He Begs for Weapons.

The murderer has begged piteously for  
guns and bayonets like those at the first  
trial. He says the soldiers kept the mob  
off him before and he wants them to go  
down again. Flanagan appears to be hope-  
lessly insane. He will talk to no one but  
his attorneys, and he even refuses to  
talk to him when he visited him a few  
days ago.

The preparations for the trial have all  
been made, and when court is called to-  
morrow morning there will in all proba-  
bility be no hindrance to the progress of  
the celebrated tribunal. Nearly a hun-  
dred witnesses have been summoned so

far, and with the whole party of witnesses  
and court officials will be quite an  
army at the little courthouse in Decatur.

Ready for the Fight.

Colonel W. C. Glenn says he is ready to  
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REUNION AT THE MOUNTAIN.

Thirty-Eighth Georgia Regiment Will  
Enjoy a Day of Reminiscences.

The Thirty-eighth regiment, Georgia vol-  
unteers, better known as the "Wright Le-  
gion" after Colonel Augustus R. Wright, will  
hold their annual reunion at Stone  
Mountain, Ga., July 25, 1897.

The command will be formed by John  
Baxter, acting adjutant, with the assist-  
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who will, with the assistance of Colonel  
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to order and afterwards introduce Rev.  
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Among the men who have been invited  
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## MACON GETS NEGRO DEPUTY COLLECTOR

Rucker Is Expected To Select a Man of His Own Color.

ARE ONLY TWO CANDIDATES

Office Has Always Been Held by a White Man.

CENTRAL CITY PEOPLE ARE NOT PLEASED

Black Doctor and a Black Grocer Are Laying Strong Claims to the Appointment.

Macon, Ga., July 24.—(Special.)—The appointment of Mr. A. Rucker as Internal Revenue collector for Georgia opens up the interesting question whether or not a negro will be appointed deputy revenue collector at Macon, a position which pays \$300 per month.

The office was formerly under the civil service rules, but by a recent ruling of the president the position of deputy collector and gaugers has been removed from the classified or civil service.

The present deputy collector at Macon is a white man, and it seems that he will have to retire.

So far as can be ascertained, there are only two candidates for the position of deputy collector at Macon, and they are two well-known negroes, Dr. J. J. M. M. and Dr. J. J. M. M. The latter is a practicing physician in Macon, and was for some time chairman of the Macon branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Speer Appoints Hughes.

Judge Emory Speer, of the United States court, has appointed, Daniel G. Hughes, of Macon, as deputy collector.

Mr. Hughes is a white man, and is already receiver for the large Virginia concern which has an extensive branch in Macon.

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## FAIR'S FATE MAY BE SETTLED THIS WEEK

Meeting of Those Interested To Be Held in a Few Days.

ROADS HAVE A PROPOSITION

Will Sell Admission Coupons with Each Railway Ticket.

THE PLAN IS NOT YET ACCEPTED

Has Been Laid Before the Fair Committee and Will Soon Be Acted On.

Within the next two weeks a meeting will be held that will decide whether or not Atlanta is to have the state fair.

The meeting will be a joint assembly of the fair committee and the railroad committee, and will be held to discuss and consider the proposition made by the railroads some two weeks ago.

The proposition as made by the railroads has never yet been stated to the public. It is one of the most important offers yet made by the railroads to the state.

It is estimated that the fair committee expected \$100 from the several railroads entering Atlanta. The proposition now made by the railroads is to issue coupon tickets to the state fair.

The idea is to have attached to every ticket sold over any railroad in the state a coupon ticket of admission to the fair.

The railroads will then pay into the fair treasury 50 cents for every railway coupon taken in at the fair.

It is estimated that this will be of far more value to the fair than the \$100 now expected. The fair committee thinks that the railroads would by means of the coupon tickets contribute as much as \$250 or \$300 to the fair.

Mr. Thompson, president of the fair committee, has written to Mr. Pope Brown, president of the State Agricultural Society, asking him at what time he can most conveniently meet with his committee with the railroads.

Mr. Thompson has been told that Mr. Brown will be in the city on Monday, and that he will be held soon will definitely decide the matter.

To Those Who Use Good Whiskey.

In buying whiskey to use as a stimulant or a medicine, one should be extremely cautious. So much inferior "stuff" is now on the market, and so many are after quantity and not quality that the choicest finds ready sale. S. Grabfield & Co., of Louisville, Ky., whose advertisement appears regularly in The Constitution, do not make or offer for sale any goods that are not pure. Hence you are safe in buying any brand of theirs. For years they have made and sold the famous Echo Spring, and today stand alone without a peer throughout the country. This firm carries the largest stock of whiskey, especially the old goods—larger than any other house in the United States.

The proprietor, Mr. Samuel Grabfield, has made a close study of the whiskey business and his success has been phenomenal. S. Grabfield & Co. travel twenty-six men and do a business of about two million dollars per annum. It is a well-known fact that they never lose a customer. When a dealer once begins to buy from them, he is bound to them as long as he stays in business. This firm is well represented in Atlanta by Mr. Albert L. Dunn, who has charge of their southern business. Mr. Dunn has been with the firm a number of years and enjoys a large trade. He travels in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina, and is now offering the trade for the past few years a brand of case goods named after him, "The Dunn Case Goods," which is the finest goods they put out.

Railroad Changes in Columbus.

Columbus, Ga., July 24.—(Special.)—Bowling has been postponed to the 28th of July, and passenger agent of the Southern Railway here to succeed Captain Ed Wells, promoter of the Columbus Exposition.

The Work of Paving.

Macon has made her first call for bids for paving her streets. The call has been issued by the board of public works. Bids will be received until August 21st for furnishing material and labor required to pave Fourth street from Pine to the river, with granite curbs.

Special Rates.

The state bicycle meet at Macon on August 4th and 5th, will be largely attended and promises to be a great success. The railroads have made special rates of 1 cent per mile for the round trip from Macon, and from all other points a rate of 4 cents per mile for the round trip.

Cut by a Woman.

Last night while walking down Edgewood avenue, Jerry Garrison, a negro man who works in a tailor shop on Marietta street, was stabbed in the shoulder by a negro woman, whose name he did not know, and who could not be found by the officers. Garrison was taken to the hospital, and the woman was arrested. She is now in jail, and the woman's name is being sought.

Wheel Is Still Missing.

Mr. F. H. Reynolds, whose wheel was stolen from him while he was standing in front of the Equitable building on the night of July 10th, called at the police barracks last night for the Western Union, No. 61, which was left in his fine 7-mach Hoffman. He decided, however, to allow the wheel to remain in the barracks for a few days longer, while the policemen made a renewed effort to recover his wheel. The number of the stolen bicycle is 10,323.

He Dropped His Collars.

Patrolman Jones found a bundle of collars and cuffs on Decatur street last night, and is desirous of finding the owner. The bundle seemed to be of good quality, and it is stated they will bring a good price. Call on the officers at the police barracks.

Brunswick Has Tow Boat War.

Brunswick, Ga., July 24.—(Special.)—Runners of a tow-boat war are afloat. The Lenzies, of Jacksonville, are concerned. It is stated they will bring a good price. Call on the officers at the police barracks.

Sacred Concerts at Exposition Park this afternoon.

## J. J. & E. MADDOX AT HOME.

Their Handsome New Store Completed.

A City for Health and a Hotel for Comfort Is the Superb Combination That Is So Tempting to All Summer Tourists.

A CAVE FOR EMPLOYEES AND GUESTS

What an Up-to-Date Business House Looks Like—The Firm a Gibraltar of Strength in Atlanta's Commercial Circles—Congratulations Are Now in Order.

Atlanta is certainly making rapid strides toward becoming a metropolis—rapidly earning her name as the most progressive and up-to-date city in the south.

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## ELASING FEE, RADIANT AZURE

A Violet-Tinged Realm of Mountains and Valleys Where Clouds Lie Thick in Their Soft Vapory Tissue.

ASHEVILLE AND BATTERY PARK

A City for Health and a Hotel for Comfort Is the Superb Combination That Is So Tempting to All Summer Tourists.

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A City for Health and a Hotel for Comfort Is the Superb Combination That Is So Tempting to All Summer Tour



REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

**REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.**  
**Morrison, 47 East Hunter Street.**  
 I am too busy showing property 5 days a week to write a long ad. for this week. I assure you that I have some of the best real estate bargains in the city. I invite the readers to call on me to look and see my list of homes, vac. rental property, suburban lots and more. I have a 2 story home with H. gas, water and sewer connected. The lot 40x150, near in, on Hood street. This property was sold for \$2,800 cash a few days ago, and is worth that now, but the owner has moved out of the city and authorized me to sell at a sacrifice rate of \$1,500.00. There is a mortgage of \$1,000.00 on it.

to take a small vacant lot worth \$200 as part payment, or as low as \$100 cash. Call for details. Price only \$100.

H. on a fine, large, high lot 50x125 on city street, near 10th and 11th streets. Just the home for a R. R. man, be-  
gin short calling distance of all  
things. Call for details. Third cash, or  
cash. Price only \$150.

ATTLE HILL is now a town, having  
city, police and a fine school, yet  
no city taxes. It is without doubt  
the best place to live in the state.  
It is 75 feet higher than the center of  
the city. I have a large number of  
bargains in vacant lots.  
Improve your property in Bala-  
win for sale on easy terms. Also 30 ac-  
res land that I will cut up into two  
lots for \$150 to \$250. Call for  
choice, according to location.

H., on a beautiful high lot of over  
acres, fronting 200 feet on Gordon ave.

VERY HANDSOME 6-r. h. with running water, on lovely, high, level lot 180 x 200 on an alley. This nice home is the choicest part of Lee street, West 23rd street, near the new school. The owner gives the reader the chance to purchase the house on very easy terms at \$1000 down, \$500. Do not miss this chance. The owner has a beautiful property. I will offer three stores and ten houses on Decatur street, paying cash of \$30 per month; buyer to assume the balance of \$1000.00. 10% down, 10% per cent. balance cash. Price list only \$4500.

**Estate for Sale by W. J. Mallon Jr., 207 Equitable Building.**

**WILL BUY** a lot 96 feet front and 120 feet deep, located on North Street, near the corner of Broadway, at \$2,500.00 cash or \$1,000.00 down and balance in monthly payments. If the reader wants a genuine home, please read this over again a little out, call and see me about it. I am a real estate broker, a mortgage commissioner, real estate, renting and lots. 47 E. Hunter street.

**WILL BUY** more desirable building lots in north side, Bayview Street, at \$1,000.00 cash or \$500.00 down and balance in monthly payments. Call and see me about it. I am a real estate broker, a mortgage commissioner, real estate, renting and lots. 47 E. Hunter street.

**WILL BUY** a magnificent 8-room house on Pryor street; very desirable, easy terms.

**PAYABLE** \$500 cash, balance easy. Buy you the neatest, prettiest home in the city, near in on a good lot. Modern conveniences. Must sell. This place is well worth a call and see it.

**WE** build lots close to Peachtree street, with beautiful shell cheap to parties desiring to build.

**B. Turman, Real Estate Agent.**  
8 Kimball House, Wall Street.

lanta, Ga.

buys cheap West Feachtree street  
owner leaving city. A snap  
takes two-story S-r. house, lot 60x120  
to alley; all modern Improvement  
apital avenue; a bargain.

takes S-r. elegant cottage on Pryor  
street; water and gas.

buys new two-story brick house, ex-  
tremely finished. Pryor street.

takes S-r. house, lot 60x120 on Capital  
avenue, inside half mile circle, \$16100 for  
a very comfortable house.

buys S-r. house, lot 60x120, Pine  
street.

buys for Pryor street lot, near Bass street  
included.

for cheapest lot on Loyd street.

for S-r. house, large lot, Pryor street  
easy.

for Connally street lot. A snap.

Clarks street lot.

for Kelly street lot.

a Lakewood Heights and Colgate cheap and on easy terms.  
a cheap near Lakewood Heights and Colgate, \$800 cash or  
\$600 down, balance \$100 per month.  
S. B. TURMAN,  
Estate, No. 8 Kimball house, West  
Atlanta, Ga.

J. Dallas, 19 S. Broad Street.

with hall, 5x10x10, close to  
station street. . . . . \$500  
acres, F. h., all outbuildings, good  
rd, running water, good bottom,  
north east of city; will sell cheap  
and see me for a bargain; \$1250 per  
acre.

block, street on three sides, all  
groves, all in grove; belongs to no  
ident.

Fowler street. . . . . \$1,000  
ottage, Green's Ferry avenue 500  
feet wide, 100 feet deep, 100 feet  
deep, close to station street. . . . . 750

Chapman street, close to the  
Hwy. 101, \$250, 600  
ance monthly. 850  
Windsor street, an elegant  
\$1,000, 1,200  
West End, on a good street,  
\$200, 250  
res. 2-3 houses, 4 miles out, on the  
cheap  
near railroad; great bargains  
per acre.

**LOST.**

White bull terrier on East Hunt  
street; has mange scars. Liberal reward  
turned to 21 Peachtree st.

**THE BOY—Please look out for Will**  
white boy, thirteen years of age, same  
age; has been afflicted from birth  
can talk but little, but knows  
left home wearing a white straw  
brown coat, coral cut of clothes and  
a smoking shirt; last heard from Fred

**INSTRUCTION.**

At Atlanta public schools. Special a-  
n given those expecting to take in-  
a na na na na na na na na na na  
n \$5 per month. For particulars, a-  
n W. F. Perry, general delivery.

TERM of J. T. Terry's classic  
English school for boys and girls  
September 6th at 26 East Bak-  
er. Summer school now in session  
at Baltimore Place.

TEACHERS WANTED—Send for list of  
vacancies; books of plans 10c; blank  
Sutton Teachers' Bureau, Chicago, Ill.  
Sutton, Ky.

WANTED—Money.  
WILLING to borrow on valuable real  
estate property for one year. \$500  
to \$1,000. Address A. C. A., Constitution office.



